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NENNI'S TALK WITH STALIN

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Mr. Shinwell's Conversion

IT would be a pity if the fundamental issue between the Secretary of State for War and Mr. Shinwell were to be obscured by the incivilities with which this curious debate is being conducted. For some weeks Mr. Shinwell—who as Minister of Defence was chiefly responsible in the autumn of 1950 for raising the term of national service to two years—has been campaigning for a cut to twelve months. Mr. Head's reaction last Saturday was to accuse Mr. Shinwell of shrimping for votes at Morecambe. To this Mr. Shinwell replied by dubbing Mr. Head a pygmy and a political shrimp.

It is of course true that Mr. Shinwell lost his seat on the National Executive of the Labour Party at the Scarborough Conference last October when the Bevanites scored their resounding success. This year he is seeking to regain it, and not unnaturally he is trying to increase his popularity among the constituency parties, where Mr. Bevan's demand for a cut in the arms programme has received so much support. But what matters is not whether Mr. Shinwell is "shrimping"—a good many other ex-Ministers are doing this—but whether his suggestion that the term of service can be cut is a tenable proposition.

General Omar Bradley on a visit to Paris this week has answered with an emphatic No. This is not surprising. The American Chiefs of Staff are profoundly disturbed by the way in which the European nations are running away from the obligations which they accepted at Lisbon, including the solemn pledge to raise 55 divisions this year. The U.S. has allotted to itself the role of providing the major part of the sea and air power and the atomic weapon for the defence of Western Europe. But since the total American army is not to exceed 25 divisions it is clear that the bulk of the land forces must be raised in Europe. Hence the vital importance to American strategy of the two-year term which Mr. Shinwell himself imposed less than two years ago.

True enough, we are the only great Power which has accepted such a burden. The American Congress still refuses to pass the Bill for Universal Military Service. The term in France is theoretically 18 months and actually nearer 12, and both Paris and Bonn have made it clear that two years is in their view beyond the capacity of the European Defence Community. General Bradley appreciates that if the British term were cut (as the Belgian term has just been cut) the last chance of Europe's ever providing the land armies demanded by American strategy would be gone.

We are glad to note that, now that he is in Opposition and has time to reflect, Mr. Shinwell accepts the criticisms of American strategy which have been advocated for so long in this journal and by the Left wing of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Indeed his proposal to reduce the term of service to 12 months is far more drastic than any cut in the arms programme which the Bevanites have suggested. It would mean, as we have seen, the end of N.A.T.O.'s present plans for Western European defence. But it would also mean that national servicemen would no longer be available for service in Korea and Malaya and that it would be out of the question to maintain our forces in the Middle East at their present strength. In this journal we have constantly criticised British subservience to American strategy and demanded cuts in our military commitments, which in our view have long been necessary if we are to achieve national solvency. Having demanded a cut in the term of service, Mr. Shinwell should now make it clear that he accepts all the drastic political consequences that follow from it. Let him boldly tell us that he now recognises the errors of Ernest Bevin: our overseas military commitments must be scaled down and our foreign policy completely reorientated. The news that Labour's Minister of Defence had suffered such a total conversion to the views of his critics would indeed be a sensation at Morecambe.

No End in Korea?

When the Korean truce talks began, over a year ago, it was hoped that an armistice might pave the way to a lasting political settlement, not merely in Korea but in the whole Pacific. When it became clear that the U.S., intent on the policy of "containment," had no intention of recognising Communist China's claim to membership of the U.N. or its sovereignty over

Formosa, and that the Peking Government had no interest in peace on any other terms, the hope persisted that the limited aim might be attained of a cease-fire which would at least bring a pause in the appalling process of wholesale destruction on the one side by napalm bombing, and the tragic drain of casualties involved in the restricted but still almost continuous ground-fighting, on the other. To-day, even that hope has dwindled: though agreement has been reached on all the other cease-fire terms which have been the subject of the protracted discussions at Panmunjon, there is still a complete deadlock over the disposal of the 20,000 Chinese prisoners-of-war in American hands who are said to refuse repatriation.

Is there no way by which this deadlock can be overcome? Some observers have derived encouragement from the fact that *Pravda* has given some prominence to a suggestion made by Mr. Hallinan, of the U.S. Progressive party, that a cease-fire might be agreed on terms which left the ultimate disposal of the disputed prisoners to be decided by a subsequent political conference. To judge by the account, which we publish on a later page, given to Mr. Crossman by Mr. Nenni of his recent talk with Marshal Stalin, there seem to be few grounds for expecting the Kremlin to encourage Peking to accept such terms; and, indeed, so long as the prisoners remained in American hands, the Chinese may even pretend that acceptance of a truce on such lines would involve them in loss of "face." The suggestion, however, has been made by Mexico, and will presumably be renewed by her delegate at next month's session of the General Assembly, that the debatable prisoners should be moved to some such neutral country as India. This might make the plan more acceptable to the Chinese—particularly if it were made clear that the United Nations are not committed to perpetuating the corrupt and brutal regime of Syngman Rhee.

Mr. Eden at Strasbourg

If there was a note of unreality in Mr. Eden's eloquence at Strasbourg this week, it was partly because there is an element of the nebulous in the galaxy of international bodies which is being created under pressure of the cold war and federalist aspirations—the two-tier Council of Europe with its fifteen member States; the six-nation European Coal and Steel Community (E.C.S.C.); and the embryo European Defence Community (E.D.C.), with all their administrative and political commitments. How far the existence of these organisations will lead in practice to any real surrender of sovereignty by member States, we have yet to see. But, this element of doubt apart, it is difficult to believe that, when Mr. Eden urged that any supra-national community which the six E.C.S.C. nations created must be associated with the Council of Europe, he really meant to imply that Britain, as a member of the Council, wanted to play any part in a federation. The truth is that from Britain's point of view a federated "Little Europe"—in other words, an exclusive club dominated by a Christian Democrat committee—would not merely involve a risk (which Mr. Eden deplored) of impairing the larger unity of Western Europe; it would be a group well placed by its composition and constitution to secure exclusive favours from the United States in the way of dollar assistance. And that would not suit the British book at all.

The Engineers Wait

The leaders of the engineering and shipbuilding unions are clearly unwilling to impose a ban on overtime and piecework as long as there is any chance of an agreed settlement of their claims. Indeed nobody now takes the 40s. demand seriously; it is evident that the unions would be prepared to settle at a much more modest figure. Indeed, they would probably have done so at any time; but the (clearly concerted) refusal of the employers to make any counter-offer gave them no chance.

Will the employers persist in their attitude, now that the Ministry has intervened? It seems unlikely—at least if the Government makes it plain that it desires some sort of offer to be made. A refusal under such circumstances could only be taken as indicating a general challenge to the trade unions from the employers as a class; and it is improbable that such a challenge will be made in face of the recent victory of the "moderates" at the T.U.C. Certainly it would be the height of folly for the employers to adopt, or for the Government to condone, such an attitude. It seems much more likely that the employers, with encouragement from high quarters, have been playing for time.

If and when concessions are made, the important thing is that they should meet adequately two hard cases—that of the low-rated men who are not able to secure large piecework earnings, and that of the highly skilled time-workers, who are naturally irked by seeing men much less skilled going home with much bigger pay packets than their own. If these two claims were met, there are probably few in the Confederation who would want to fight, at the present juncture, for much more. If they are not met, the unions will have to fight, whether their leaders like it or not; and that will do nobody any good except the small minority who want trouble for trouble's sake.

Fuel Economy

The report of the Ridley Committee on fuel policy is more remarkable for the difficulties it reveals than for the remedies it proposes. Whatever merits nationalisation may have had in the coal mines, and in electricity and gas supply, there has clearly been a failure to secure proper co-ordination of services and investment programmes in the three branches. Each of the Boards has hard words to say about the others, and the B.E.A. and the Gas Council are bitter about the "unfair competition" each meets from its rival. It does seem, indeed, that the search for unit efficiency has led to blind rivalry, and that no one has really stopped to think which forms of fuel and power supply are most suitable for given industries or public requirements. It may, perhaps, be easy to exaggerate the waste involved. But the need to secure maximum fuel efficiency is so great that it is impossible to leave each sector free to expand as best and as fast as it can, merely to balance its own accounts. The Ridley Committee rejected, possibly too quickly, the trade unions' proposal for a planning authority with executive powers over all three nationalised fuel industries. But it is no answer for the Ridley Committee to put the emphasis on "maintaining competition" in service to the consumer. It is also the vast cost of "competitive" capital investment that matters. And that problem can only be settled within the framework of an overall plan.

No one will quarrel with the Committee's insistence on the need for efficient domestic and industrial consumption, which may be secured in part by a system of premiums and penalties on heating appliances. But its inability to agree on a way of relating prices to costs, thus giving consumers a truly "economic" choice between the three fuel systems, is symptomatic. So long as they are not planned as a whole, a rational price policy is virtually unattainable.

WASHINGTON

On Tour

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The election campaign is not developing according to expectations. Many were looking to Eisenhower to provide inspiring leadership that would lift the campaign above the sordid level of routine party politics. They were ready for a crusade, and for a change, not only from the party tired in office, but also from the domination of the faction defeated at Chicago. For them the recent developments have been profoundly disappointing. Eisenhower appears to be moving steadily to the Right, not in policies, for he seldom discusses policies in anything but the broadest generalities, but in political associations. His blanket endorsement of every Republican candidate for office, made in the presence of Senator Jenner, whose voting record has been contemptible, and on the eve of Senator McCarthy's ominously sweeping victory in the Wisconsin primary election was followed by the *entente cordiale*, concluded over breakfast, with Senator Taft. As Governor Stevenson put it, at the end of his tour through the West, "We have the spectacle of the candidate who won the nomination seeking out his defeated rival and begging for a kind word. I'm beginning to wonder who won at Chicago anyway."

For the Democrats, however, Stevenson is exceeding their best expectations. His speeches have shown a quality which has been long missing from the political scene. He deals with issues in great detail; he is literate; he is frank; he is forthright; above all he is very funny. Indeed the main criticism levelled against him by supporters is that he sometimes has too many wisecracks. To the herd of political journalists Stevenson is a godsend. He always provides fresh phrases, new ways of stating old truths, and very often a spontaneous laugh at his own expense. In a crowded hall in Los Angeles someone accidentally struck a loud "bong" on an open piano with his elbow. "Thanks," quipped Stevenson, "I was getting a bit bored myself." His speech in San Francisco on foreign affairs reminded listeners that one can be seriously concerned about the future of Asia without championing the losing side in a Chinese civil war. Men whose trade it is to deal in words and phrases warm naturally to Stevenson, just as they shy away from the utterly humourless and frequently banal texts which are written for Eisenhower. It is significant that a poll of journalists accompanying Eisenhower, who mostly work for Republican papers, showed overwhelming preference for the election of Stevenson.

But elections are not won by the personal preferences of journalists, and it would be a mistake to think, because many admire Stevenson

and are disillusioned by Eisenhower, that the General's chances are slender. Stevenson may be gaining, as he emerges from relative obscurity, but Eisenhower is drawing very large and very enthusiastic crowds. He has already made a serious dent in the South. He is campaigning with more vigour than Dewey did and he has all the advantages of his reputation. The public opinion polls still put him ahead, by a small margin. But the results of the Wisconsin primary, where McCarthy polled more than all other candidates, Republican or Democratic put together, showed that there at least reactionary tactics had paid off. This year a great campaign is being waged to encourage voters to register and go to the polls. Even the cereal boxes urge breakfasters to register and vote. Appeals are frequently broadcast. If there should be a large vote on November 4—larger than the roughly 50 per cent. which has characterised recent presidential elections—would it mean a gain for the Democrats or a gain for the Republicans? Previously a large turnout has usually helped the Democrats. But if the normally non-political should respond to the constant prodding, would they be more likely to vote for Stevenson or Eisenhower? Is the non-political man likely to fall for McCarthy's brand of "unthink" on the scale that it was fallen for in Wisconsin? Stevenson may have the quips, but what of the Republican quirks?

AUSTRALIA

The "Empire" Party Changes Front

An Australian Correspondent writes: The new Anglo-Australian Migration Agreement, which has just been published, casts an odd light on the claims of the Tory Government to be fostering emigration to the Commonwealth. The old Agreement, drawn up when Labour was in office in London and Canberra, expired last March, but it has now been extended for two years. There is, however, an important change. Mr. Attlee's administration underwrote Australian immigration by a financial grant of £25 per migrant, up to an annual total of £500,000, and the number of free and assisted passages rose to a yearly figure of 40,000. Now the Churchill Government has cut the ceiling figure to £150,000, apparently on grounds of economy.

This reduction will have a profound and immediate effect upon Australian immigration policy, and it has already caused dismay among Tories, who did not expect such treatment from their "Empire-minded" counterparts in London. An attempt was made to keep this reduction secret. Neither Government has made any public statement about it, but the news leaked out and was confirmed in the Australian press this week. Some of the Australian newsmen in London have quoted Commonwealth Relations Office spokesmen as saying that secrecy was necessary "because the British Government's action might have been misconstrued in some quarters."

The Australian immigration programme has already been cut back because of home investment difficulties and growing unemployment. But one thing is already clear. Despite Australia's sentimental feelings about British settlers, and despite the official intention to draw the bulk of new immigrants from Britain, the newcomer from the Old Country is becoming an increasingly expensive proposition. Each British migrant will now cost the Australian Government about £120, whereas German settlers are now on their way, in ex-I.R.O. charter vessels, at subsidised rates that cost Australia only £20 per head. Before long, immigration will become a matter of economics, not sentiment. And it will be the doing of the "Empire" Party in London.

No Road or a Rough One?

BRITAIN'S overseas trade figures for the first eight months of this year hang like a cloud over the policy deliberations of the two political parties. But, as conducted at the moment in the weeks preceding the two party conferences, none of the party arguments takes account of the essential fact that the economic prospects of this country are bleak, almost to the point of despair. Mr. Harold Wilson's new *Tribune* pamphlet "In Place of Dollars" is, like Professor Cole's recent articles in this journal, one of the few serious attempts which have been made to bring home to the Labour movement the gravity of the situation and the difficult choice which lies before us.

Few people will dispute either the brilliance or the essential accuracy of Mr. Wilson's account of the history and nature of Britain's post-war difficulties. It is his conclusions which have caused controversy and must have proved startling to many of his readers. Britain, he says in effect, is in a fundamental economic difficulty, which is caused by neither her own rearmament nor that of her allies—though it is intensified by both. There is no road back even to the bitter-sweet prosperity of the '20s and '30s. For our overseas investments, which at that time enabled us to finance our relatively low level of total consumption, have been sold, and the revolution which has been taking place among primary producers since the war has ended for ever the days of cheap imports of food and raw materials. Even the comparative prosperity of the first five post-war years (though, thanks to the Labour Government, it was in its impact a more genuine prosperity than ever before) was based on an aggregation of circumstances which may not occur again and will certainly never be maintained for longer than brief periods.

The unique success of the Labour Government in exploiting these circumstances and demonstrating how a post-war inflation could be turned to the advantage of the masses can no longer conceal the fundamental fact that Britain is now a country which is not earning its living and will never do so under its present way of life. The effect of the war, and particularly the vast concentration of economic power in the U.S., has led to the collapse of the traditional and delicately-poised triangular balance on which Britain maintained herself as sterling area banker, setting off her sterling credits with the Commonwealth countries against their earnings from the sale of raw materials to the U.S. The prospect for the future is that we shall drift between the Scylla of dollar shortage, as in 1949 or last autumn, when American consumption tends to recede, and the Charybdis of raw material shortage and soaring prices, as in 1950 and early 1951, when the American moloch opens its jaws too wide.

Our present efforts to escape from this dilemma are based on a growing subservience to the U.S. in the hope that we may be allowed to earn a living by the favour of Washington. But, though we have gone far to surrender our independence, we are no nearer ensuring our livelihood. For the U.S. shows few signs of willingness or ability to play the part which a creditor nation must play if debtors are to live with it except as pensioners. Indeed, without a degree of control over the American economy which in foreseeable circumstances is out of the question, it is difficult to see how the most far-sighted and generous administration in Washington could steer American industry into the paths which the rest of the world demands of it. Mr. Wilson concludes that either there must be radical changes in U.S. policy, or Britain must undertake a siege economy. Since the former, as Mr. Wilson implicitly recognises, is unlikely to happen, we must contemplate the latter.

The four main points of Mr. Wilson's outline plan—development at all costs of non-dollar resources, freedom to trade where we will and to discriminate against dollar imports, reduction of the arms programme and the rigid direction of the U.K. economy in the interests of food production and planned capital investment—are, we believe, correctly stated. But neither Mr. Wilson nor anybody else is really in a position to indicate the precise consequences of such a plan.

The object of the U.K. economic effort must be to secure our livelihood without sacrificing our independence. We cannot, therefore, continue in our present cold-war role as the economic and military satellite of the U.S. For the opportunity to earn a living is denied us, while our pension depends on the acceptance of U.S. strategic planning, whether or not it is in the interests of British security or British policy. We do not in the least advocate changing sides in the cold war. What is required is that we should assume the degree of independence, as in their respective ways India and Yugoslavia have done (and as in a sense most of Western Europe has done by default and inertia), which would enable us to concentrate first on our bread and butter. Our primary task, in other words, is to make the most of the resources we can command and to base our living on these, together with such extras as political and commercial ingenuity can attract to us through the mills of Congress or the Kremlin. Foreign, as well as domestic, policy must be directed to this end.

There need be no illusions about the difficulties which might confront us on such a road. At the worst it could mean a degree of hardship which most English people have neither experienced nor expected. It could mean not merely the rationing of cigarettes, films and petrol, but total deprivation of imported luxuries and the most stringent economy in home-produced goods. Everything, apart from absolutely essential consumer goods and the minimum of vital defence material, would have to be sacrificed to food and raw material production and to capital equipment for development, both at home and in carefully selected primary-producing areas. The military commitments which we still bear, in a futile and destructive effort to preserve the shadow of imperial power, would have to be pruned to the lowest level which membership of the United Nations demands. Our high-cost agricultural system would have to be ruthlessly purged of waste and inefficiency. Industry would, for the first time, have to be harnessed to a strictly social purpose. All this could be

achieved only under rigid economic direction and planning, to determine the size, shape and disposal of the national product. Moreover, an appeal to the workers of Britain to accept the hardship and burden of such a heavy task could evoke the necessary response only if it were backed by a real equality of sacrifice and sharing of reward. One company director behaving indecorously in a night club can do more to undermine industrial morale than a hundred inescapable and challenging difficulties.

It is probable that most of the large owners of capital would withhold their co-operation from such a plan; and economic planning, no less than fair shares of consumer goods, would have to be backed by sanctions. But the necessity of conforming to a social plan and abstaining from luxuries might not be the full extent of the hardship. For, by discriminating against dollar goods which we could not afford except at the price of forfeiting independence, we might cut ourselves off from important sources of raw material. While, with full Commonwealth co-operation, we could probably squeeze by on essential foodstuffs, timber and the base metals, there could be shortages of, for example, aluminium, sulphur and cotton—with grave dislocation in British industry.

In fact, the worst prospects would probably never come to pass. A serious British initiative by a Government, determined to lead the sterling area out of its present dilemma and determined at all costs to provide the primary-producing countries with the equipment they need for their own development and prosperity, could evoke a startling response from both Western Europe and the Commonwealth. Even the U.S., after an initial outburst of anger and retaliation, would probably come to realise that an independent and basically healthy British economy, outside the Moscow camp and genuinely committed to the principles of the U.N., if not to the strategic concepts of the Pentagon, would be sufficiently important to U.S. security and commercial interests to be worth courting and assisting.

These are the risks which logically follow from Mr. Wilson's conclusions, and they should be squarely faced. Disagreeable and alarming though they may be, we can see no practicable alternative which offers the slightest prospect of solvency and independence. The old world of "normalcy" is already dead: the choice before Britain is whether we surrender now to the giants of the new world or whether we are prepared to struggle for a position of independence which can be maintained on our post-war income. We believe that this is the right course; and it is for the Labour Party to take the lead in studying the risks and working out a viable plan to set us on it. Advocacy of difficult policies may not be the easiest way of winning elections. But Labour must recognise that the circumstances in which it may form a government in 1953 are basically more difficult than they were in 1945. The truest and, in the long run, the most rewarding and most uniting form of leadership, is that which calls on people to tread a hard but honourable road to a goal which all desire. If the hazards and hardships of this policy are expounded with candour and conviction, and if the public knows that they will be accompanied by a regime of fair shares and social justice, the British people will fight for their independence and accept the stringencies of a siege economy, as they have always done in the past when the dangers and opportunities have been candidly put before them.

Nenni and Stalin

WHEN I got to Rome, I was disappointed to be told that Nenni was out of town on holiday. But within a few hours an invitation had come to spend a day with him at the little seaside resort of Formia. Here in the palatial villa of Italy's biggest theatrical entrepreneur, I found him, a little portly in his briefs and sports shirt and looking like a rather stumpier version of Konni Zilliacus. He was just inflicting a crushing defeat at bowls on the vice-chairman of the Confederation of Labour. "Togliatti was here yesterday" he said to me gaily. "But he refused to play. An international Communist can't be beaten—even at bowls." Nenni is something of a prima donna. He is fully aware—as is every other Italian political journalist I met—that he is a statesman of prime-ministerial calibre. Now, condemned to permanent opposition, he not unnaturally resents playing second fiddle in Togliatti's orchestra.

We settled down to talk on the terrace looking out to the rocky promontory beyond Gaeta where Nenni was in prison in 1943. Straight away he began to tell me about the interview he had with Stalin last July. Since he and the Indian Ambassador in Moscow are the only two men who have talked at length with Stalin this year, it was inevitable that several versions of this conversation should have been published in the American press. Nenni started by re-emphasising to me that these stories, and in particular that by the Alsop brothers, were quite inaccurate, and then went on to describe to me at great length what had really happened. For obvious reasons, however, he asked me, as I was leaving, not to publish a verbatim of what Stalin said, but authorised me to convey his own personal impressions. Since he talked for three hours with the greatest freedom, this is a difficult task. But I believe that what follows is a fair summary.

He had gone to Moscow, he told me, deeply depressed by the deterioration in the international situation. What worried him particularly was the fear that the Soviet Union would not be able to stand the strain of competitive rearmament and might be driven by internal economic pressures to adopt dangerous foreign policies. He put these anxieties to several members of the Politbureau as well as to Stalin, and was relieved and surprised to discover that, though obviously the psychological climate has grown more turbulent, the Kremlin does not accept the view that the situation has deteriorated in the last two years. Its economic experts seemed confident that Russia can sustain the burdens of rearmament without sacrificing either its plans for capital development or its intention to continue to increase the supply of consumers' goods each year and so to raise the standard of living. The only difference, therefore, that the rearmament race will make will be to slow down the pace of development, so that what could have been done in five years may have to take as long as ten.

But what about the threat to Russia arising from Atlantic rearmament? Here again Nenni told me how surprised he was at Stalin's coolness and "serenity." The Russian general staff does not seem to regard the rearmament so far achieved by the Atlantic Powers as a serious military threat. Air power, and in particular strategic bombing, is a terribly destructive weapon; but it is not a *decisive* weapon. It is of course possible for the Americans to destroy Moscow and for the Russians to destroy New York. But to win a war, the army of one side must occupy the territory of the other; and so far the Americans do not dispose of armies capable of waging land warfare on any considerable scale. Indeed, Nenni got the very clear impression that Stalin had a much higher estimate of the European nations and of the British ("London can take it") than of the U.S.: he found it difficult to take Americans seriously and seemed to derive a jovial pleasure from his teasing diplomacy. However that may be, it was quite clear from the conversation that Stalin and his colleagues are ready to face ten or fifteen years of cold war in the confident anticipation that the Eastern bloc will stand the economic strain better than the Western world. And since they feel this confidence, they do not feel the least inclined to make any concessions for the sake of an early peace settlement.

One particular factor, in Nenni's view, which has strengthened Stalin's self-confidence is the American handling of Korea. Stalin is obviously very well satisfied, since the Korean war has swung Asian opinion against the U.S.A. Incidentally, it also locks up half the American army in a remote peninsula. But if Korea is a cause of satisfaction to Stalin, what about German rearmament? Nenni told me that the strong impression which he gained from his talk (it took place, let us remember, at the beginning of July) was that, although the first Russian Note was a serious offer, Stalin has probably now written off the prospects of a successful Four Power Conference which would unify Germany by agreement, and is facing with equanimity the continued partition of the country, though everyone in the Kremlin knows the danger that the rearmament of Germany will strengthen neo-Fascist tendencies in Bonn, and encourage a revival of chauvinism.

But if Stalin is so confident that Russia can hold its own in a competitive rearmament race, what are the positive aims of his own policy? Nenni was assured by him that he would do everything possible to avoid any provocative action. As for the idea of splitting the Atlantic bloc and in particular driving a wedge between Britain and America, Stalin was extremely sceptical whether much could be achieved that way. In fact, he is prepared patiently to bide his time. On the other hand, he would not dream of surrendering any of the fruits of the 1945 victory in Eastern Europe in order to appease the Americans. But whether this means that he is still expecting internal action to unseat Tito and bring Yugoslavia back into the Eastern bloc, was by no means clear.

Nenni repeatedly told me how heartened he was by Stalin's attitude. In particular he felt reassured that neutrality, the policy advocated by the Italian Socialist Party, is the right long term aim not only for Italy but for other Socialist parties in Western Europe. The catastrophe is not imminent, but nor is a peace settlement; and we must therefore get used to the twilight between peace and war prolonging itself indefinitely. When I asked Nenni whether this meant that he himself would accept the Atlantic Pact, he replied that it is an accomplished fact and that what we must do is to use the years ahead to achieve the greatest possible degree of political independence from America for our respective countries and to counter-balance our necessary economic ties with the New World by economic ties with the East. We must also continue to oppose the Schuman Plan and the designs for a federal Western Europe; these, in his view, must lead to the political domination of a reactionary Western Germany and the subjection of the Western European economy to the kind of restrictive economics which have retarded Italian reconstruction since 1945 and kept working class living standards so miserably low. On these issues, I found myself in much greater agreement than I had expected when I set out for Formia.

Reflecting on what he had told me about his interview, however, I could not share all Nenni's optimism. It is a relief, of course, that Stalin does not believe all his own propaganda about America's plans for aggression. But if he thinks that the international situation has not deteriorated during the last two years of competitive rearmament; if he rates the Americans as destructive children who can be teased by their elders and betters without endangering world peace, then the Kremlin is a fool's paradise. Isolationism, whether in the U.S.A. or in the U.S.S.R., breeds an arrogant form of ignorance which can be as dangerous to world peace as a deliberate plan to make war. The fact that the Russians believe they can stand the economic strain of rearmament without too much difficulty does not increase the chances of a settlement. On the contrary, since they feel that confidence, they have no need to make war—or peace.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

THE Association of Prison Officers must make a fuss about *Who Lie in Gaol*, by Joan Henry (Victor Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) because it is the duty of all trade unions to support their members. They profess to object to her complaint that some of the warders in Holloway Gaol are brutal and that others are lesbians. No one will take their protest very seriously, for, even without Joan Henry's evidence, we know that in any prison some of the "screws" will be brutal, and in any one-sexed institution homosexuality will be common. Actually, Joan Henry makes no sensational charges. The broad truth of her picture is well known to anyone who honestly studies our prison system; the only serious criticism is that in conveying the talk and atmosphere she does not always distinguish between fact and gossip. My hope is that the allegation of lesbianism amongst officers and prisoners will not divert people's minds from more important evils. Homosexuality is a symptom of an unnatural inhuman life; and one reads of its existence with a certain relief, for the intrigues, jealousies, nastiness and petty corruption that no doubt accompany it are at least outlets for human nature in a world from which love, beauty and normal relations are deliberately excluded.

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Holloway is one of these cast-iron and concrete mausoleums from which humanity has been, as far as possible, abolished. The shortage of staff, which is not the fault of the Governor of the prison, means that the prisoners are kept in solitary confinement all night from 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It means that the period of more healthy labour in association, where prisoners earn some money and even speak to other prisoners, is ridiculously short. Miss Henry convinces one about the peculiar beastliness of prison conditions for women, whether they are about to have babies or not. Her book may do good. It is only when articulate people publish first-hand reports that really disturb the middle classes, that any serious prison reform takes place. We are due, I hope, for another wave of reform. Mr. Churchill, as Home Secretary, was moved to action some 40 years ago by Galsworthy's *Justice*. The revelations of suffragettes and conscientious objectors, before and after the first world war, gave a great impetus to further prison reform. Joan Henry's book may stir up some complacent people who have assumed that the good intentions of Prison Commissioners could be carried out without any expenditure of public money.

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The worse the world gets, the less we want to hear about it. Every journalist has known for months that readers were slipping away from many of the more "serious" publications, and going to newspapers and magazines that specialise in the lighter form of entertainment. This trend is confirmed by the new Hulton Readership Survey, which shows a swing in reading habits, spread over the whole population, towards fictions and "human interest." The most remarkable example is the boom in the women's weeklies which are particularly hot on domestic love in Royal circles and carnal affection among the lower orders. In the first real circulation war since 1939, these have been gaining at the expense of the more sober "home" magazines, winning over more than one reader in ten. The same thing has been happening to the picture papers. It has been common knowledge for some time that *Picture Post* was losing ground to its less weighty rival, *Illustrated*, which now sells a hundred thousand more copies each week. This decline, I believe, has accelerated since the dismissal of Tom Hopkinson in 1950. It was he who, after the initial impetus of Stefan Lorant, gave *Picture Post* its distinctive character. In the last year, Hulton's profits have fallen by £300,000, and *Picture Post* is now offering rebates to advertisers if circulation falls below the million mark. The most effective check on falling sales, it seems, is any article on the Royal family. This is a sad contrast with the great days of *Picture Post*, when it was crusading against appeasement and against poverty. When the modern ostrich senses danger, he buries his head in a comic, a love story or a television set.

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An American friend has been complaining about the "humiliation" of having to pay five shillings Ministry of Civil Aviation airport tax on top of the high cost of his transatlantic flight. This petty imposition is a tax levied by the Ministry of Civil Aviation; the excuse for it is the fantastic cost of building and operating a terminal like London Airport. As aircraft get bigger, and the congestion of traffic gets greater, take-off and landing mean longer and more expensive runways. Sir Ben Lockspeiser has pointed out that the concrete at London Airport represents a massive double-track road from London to Edinburgh. Good agricultural land is swallowed up, built-up areas are menaced and costs soar. One answer would seem to lie in flying boats which use natural runways, but we hear very little about the new Princess flying boat which has recently taken the air. It is bigger than the much-discussed Brabazon, but there is no immediate prospect of the Princess or her two part-finished sister-ships going into commission. For this I am sorry, for I've never enjoyed any flying so much as I did going East in a flying boat. Comfort and beauty are combined, and if the speed is not quite so great, what does that matter? I learn that the economics of the business are narrowly balanced. The obvious advantages of a seaplane in case of a forced landing, and the cheapness of the port itself, are more than counterbalanced by the fact that none of the other Western countries are interested in flying boats, so that to use them this country would have to maintain its own sea bases all over the world instead of sharing the services of the ground airports. Another reason is that the services do not share the overheads of making sea planes. So the taxpayer, apart from the trivial recovery of the five shillings, has to go on subsidising international airlines whose dues do not meet costs. The London terminal will cost £20,000,000 by the time it is completed and by then it will be inadequate for the increased traffic.

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Some weeks ago the Rev. Michael Scott suggested that something should be done to help the families of those arrested for passive resistance in South Africa. As donations for this cause begin to arrive at this office, we agreed to act as temporary trustee for the money. Now, I am glad to say, a sum of nearly £150 has been handed over to Christian Action, which has undertaken to take charge of a relief fund for passive resisters and their families, without regard to class, creed, colour or political opinion. In this way, Christian Action intends to give practical effect to the verbal protests that many Christians and others have been making against the racial and brutal policies of the Malan regime. The money, of course, is to be used strictly for relief, not to promote a political campaign, which is the responsibility of the Africans, Indians and Coloured themselves. Those who wish to help should send donations to the Rev. Canon Collins, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, E.C.4, earmarking them for the South African Fund.

All the regular stories about the Duke of Wellington have been told this week. Here is one that I hope is less well known. It comes, if I remember rightly, from the memoirs of one Abraham Hayward, a Victorian journalist of some distinction. He tells it as a warning against bad handwriting. A reporter, wishing to write up the progress of the magnificent avenue of trees planted in the Duke's estate in commemoration of his victory over the French, wrote to ask permission to view his "Waterloo beeches." He received in reply a courteous letter from the Duke's secretary saying his Grace would have been glad for the writer to see them if he had been able to, but the pantaloons the Duke had worn at the Battle of Waterloo had been disposed of to the third footman twenty years earlier.

CRITIC

SQUARE DANCE

(To the tune of Winnie's Wedding)

Circle right to the Dollar Curtain
(Sterling's soft, but bucks is hard)
Halfway home until you're certain
Who is going to be your pard;
Honour Ike and honour Adlai,
Balance awhile between the two—
Ike or Adlai, take him gladly,
Plenty bucks can parlay voo.

Tito now your partner may be
(Watch your step and balance well)
Franco next your own sweet baby,
Honour both and swing like hell;
Promenade your latest honey,
Corner all the pards you can—
Uncle Sam has got the money,
Drop a curtsey to Malan.

Chassé if it's peace you're talking
(See-saw round with Uncle Joe)
Opposite numbers, just keep walking
Back to back or do-si-do.
Allemande left with Joe is flirtin'—
Allemande right with Krupp for pard,
But promenade by the Dollar Curtain—
Hold your hat out and promenade!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mr. Griffiths adds: "Playing musical chairs or dancing 'Knees up Mother Brown' is not necessarily supporting our Saviour Christ."—*Daily Herald*. (E. T. Russell.)

Kissing-gate at Syston (Leicestershire) has been removed so that prams can go through.—*Daily Worker*. (J. B. Hodgson.)

Nine families seeking a house were offered a permanent "prefab" in Weldon, Northants—but they all turned it down.
Reason? One room had a green ceiling.—*Sunday Dispatch*. (John D. Goodman.)

Seen in a shop: A toy gosh, complete with rubber nail stuck through the end. Price 2s.—Letter in *Sunday Express*. (N. B. Terry.)

Snow in 1952 is still of the breed of Englishmen who form a Hollow Square round the flag. He is an Old Etonian. At night, on the Amazon, after a tricky day, Sebastian sang the Eton Boating Song from his sleeping-bag.—*Daily Mirror*. (Megan Fisher.)

My husband even jumps out of bed when the National Anthem is played on the air.—Letter in *Answers*. (Vincent Flynn.)

TCA and All That

THE taxi driver, asked to take me to No. 333 on Third Street, seemed to suspect me of trying to pull his leg—the more so when I insisted that the building housed Point Four. The mysticism of numerals was entirely lost on him. He had never heard of it, and I did not blame him. Point Four is not in the telephone directory. But the Technical Co-operation Administration, TCA for short, is. That is Point Four's correct, official name.

The suspicion that Point Four does not really exist, that it is a figment of President Truman's imagination, or at best one of the State Department's innumerable publicity stunts, devouring the taxpayer's money without any visible return, is widespread even among Americans who could know better. A good many hours spent inside No. 333 on Third Street convinced me that Point Four does in fact exist, but that there is also some truth in both suspicions. TCA now devours the taxpayer's money to the tune of 211.5 million dollars a year, and although the returns are beginning to come in, they're not as yet very visible. It is freely acknowledged in Washington that President Truman sprang a mighty surprise when, on January 20, 1949, he announced his world-wide scheme for "assisting the under-developed areas of the free world."

There had been no advance planning, no preparatory work of any kind when Truman first spoke. It took a full eighteen months until Congress had passed the necessary legislation, embodied in the "Act for International Development" of June 5, 1950, and it was not until then that those charged with the project formed a more precise idea of what they were supposed to do. But once the Act was passed and signed, things began to move fast. The first year's budget was small and pitifully inadequate—a mere 35 million dollars to cover the entire programme including South America, Liberia (TCA's model pupil), Asia and Africa. But the following year's appropriation of 211.5 millions looked much better, and TCA officials are satisfied that it is enough to carry out all projects at present in hand—over 200 of them in 33 countries.

Of the concepts behind Point Four, Mr. Acheson has spoken with candour. On January 25, 1952, he stated bluntly that Point Four was "neither philanthropy nor a miracle drug" but a programme of "hard-headed self-interest," and "other nations will co-operate with us with more confidence if we say bluntly why we are in it." And he goes on:

> ... these Point Four activities have a new significance which makes them more than unrelated good deeds ... they are but the first steps in a process that can change—and is changing—the whole aspect of life in these areas. This process has profound social and political effects, and that is what makes it an important part of our foreign policy to-day ... nor is the Point Four Programme primarily something to beat down the Soviet menace ... we should be carrying it forward even if there were no Soviet threat.

Whatever individual under-developed countries may consider their own most pressing needs, whatever their own ideas and pet projects, TCA works stubbornly according to its own list of priorities. The top priorities are undernourishment, disease and illiteracy. Everything else, like development of transport systems, industrialisation, housing, clothing, is subordinated. For the equation is simple. Sick, hungry, and illiterate peoples will make violent nationalist revolutions, and America does not want violent nationalist revolutions; it wants to have prosperous neighbours willing and able to absorb its excess production. For example, Paraguay was one of a number of Latin American countries receiving technical assistance during the war, long before TCA was launched. American agricultural experts first arrived in 1942; and, by 1948, the Paraguayan Government had ordered 2.5 million dollars' worth of agricultural machinery in the U.S.—and was able to pay for it.

But can the world be "put right" and made fit for Americans to live in for 211.5 million dollars a year? TCA officials are frank. They admit they had to start off with two setbacks. Truman's original fanfare had raised hopes all over the world that a new flood of Marshall Aid was about to be released. When it was explained that TCA would not grant loans or invest funds but merely pay for the technical personnel and its equipment they proposed to send out, there was scornful disappointment; and when it took a year and a half before anything began to happen at all, there was suspicion that it was all a propaganda stunt. TCA's slogan that it had come to prevent and not to cure, had a limited appeal, and the initial parsimony of Congress all but discredited the idea. Moreover, there seems to have been an uphill struggle in finding suitable American technicians and experts. To battle against locusts in Persia surrounded by suspicious Persians, to fight malaria in darkest Africa surrounded by suspicious British officials, to build schools and hospitals in India surrounded by suspicious Indians, scenting the advent of a new colonial imperialism, did not apparently appeal to qualified young Americans with hopes for good careers at home. But by May, this year, TCA had nearly one thousand American technicians "in the field," with more than 20,000 "natives" working with them, and in 1953 this figure will have risen to 2,800, to which must be added nearly 2,000 "trainees" brought to the U.S. from 35 countries to study under Point Four. If TCA exists to-day, it owes its existence largely to its remarkable and tireless first Administrator, Dr. Bennett, killed in an air-crash in Persia last winter.

The procedure of TCA is often elaborate, long-winded and richly shot through with red tape, but such agreements as I have seen and studied, as for instance that concluded with India in December, 1950, seem to take genuine care, while amply protecting the American specialists sent out, not to infringe the national and sovereign interests of the receiving countries. The fact that TCA is forbidden at present to make loans or to invest funds acts as a considerable deterrent to actual commercial penetration. The agreements vary from country to country, but the general procedure is, however, more or less the same everywhere, after agreement to co-operate in technical development is secured. Any project approved by TCA headquarters is made the subject of a "programme treaty" which lays down in detail the kind of work to be undertaken, the manner and method by which it is to be carried out and the degree of technical assistance required for it. As a rule, four-fifths of the finance required for any given "programme" is provided by the receiving country, and one-fifth by TCA. The latter is used almost entirely for paying the salaries of the specialists sent out and for financing their equipment. Up to the present, over 85 per cent. of all TCA contributions have gone into "programmes" dealing with the three top priorities, food, health, education. The remaining 15 per cent. have gone into small subsidiary schemes essential for maintaining the priorities.

Point Four specialists as a rule require at least six months in the country to which they

are assigned before they become fully operative, and even then the temptation to superimpose their own civilisation upon that which they are supposed to develop, to proceed with "American methods" and to obtain quick results, frequently does harm. Comparatively good results are said to have been achieved by TCA in turning over whole projects to agricultural or technical colleges or, in some cases, private engineering firms. Yet TCA officials, when asked what they consider their main difficulty, will tell you frankly that it is not so much "anti-Americanism" as "anti-imperialism." Point Four administrators in various parts of the world—and some of these "pioneers" are admirable men—have had to realise that, deservedly or not, in many countries of the Near and Middle East, their country carries with it the odour of a colonial Power. It is no use arguing that America possesses no colonies and never possessed any. What has to be proved, and proved conclusively before confidence can establish itself, is that the United States does not intend to become a colonial Power in the future. And such proof is obviously difficult to furnish. PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

Washington, D.C.

How a War Began

In a lengthy and studiously objective book, rare in our Handout Age, M. Philippe Devillers, who was on the staff of General Leclerc in Indo-China and who later, for a time, became *Monde* correspondent there, has examined the causes, indirect and immediate, of France's "unknown" war against the Viet Minh. And it *is* an unknown war, because never, except perhaps in Korea, has any war been treated so tendentiously in the press; never has the news been so cynically "cooked" by public relations officers or oversimplified by the press; never perhaps have so many vital documents—which are quoted on almost every page of the *Histoire du Viet-Nam*, 1940-52 (*Editions du Seuil*, 900 *frs.*)—been withheld from the "average" newspaper reader. For the Vietnam war, which has cost France 30,000 lives and more than the equivalent of the whole of Marshall Aid, and continues to cripple her finances, her reconstruction, her industrial equipment, as well as her military power and prestige in Europe, has, in reality, been, ever since its beginning, the object of an ideological, uninformed and emotional quarrel in France between "Left" and "Right", a sort of Dreyfus Case, to which no end is in sight, especially since it became, after 1949, more and more part of the world struggle between America and the U.S.S.R.

The distant origins of the Vietnam war are traced by M. Devillers to (*a*) the existence, long before the French first landed in Indo-China in 1864, of a Vietnamese State and a genuine national consciousness, with a civilisation of its own—something really without parallel in the rest of the French "Empire"; (*b*) the completely cynical system of oppression and colonial exploitation which, though with varying degrees of intensity, lasted throughout the regime set up in Indo-China by the Third Republic; and (*c*) the immensely important fact that, after the collapse of the Vichy regime and the Japanese occupation of 1945, the only genuine authority existing in Vietnam at the end of the war was a proper Vietnamese national government, which expected to be recognised as such by the Great Powers. Instead, the French returned and, putting the clock back, proceeded, first, to turn a "separatist" Cochinchina (where the Ho Chi Minh government and its allies were least organised) into something remarkably like an old-time colony. Much more "reactionary" even than the Vichy High Commissioner, de Gaulle's representative, Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu, was to prove the chief instigator of the "reconquest" of Indo-China. He and the "Saigon clique" employed every device to avoid a peaceful solution for which a basis had been laid by the agreement of March 6, 1946, and the subsequent *modus vivendi* arrived at in the famous Fontainebleau Conference the next summer.

A point Devillers constantly stresses is that while Ho Chi Minh was being pulled in all directions by his following—which, at times, was a very mixed crew and made things very difficult for him—it was he who, after realising that none of the Great Powers were inclined to recognise the "independence" of Vietnam after the end of the war, was determined to seek agreement with the French, and not to attempt to "sell out" either to the Kuomintang Chinese (the Chinese Communists were still far away) or to the United States. Yet the Right-wing, essentially anti-French and xenophobe nationalists were precisely the people pressing hardest for a "Sinophile" policy, and went so far as to treat Ho as a "French agent". To Ho, a man imbued with French culture, and relying on support from the French Left, the French were easily the lesser evil; and Devillers' book—though extremely *nuancé* in parts—is still a crushing indictment of the "Saigon clique", and of the M.R.P. Ministers in Paris. According to him—and the documents he quotes in support are extremely convincing—Saigon could easily have avoided trouble; instead, they did everything to cause trouble.

This started in October 1946 at Haiphong. In obvious violation of the March 6 agreement, the French began to meddle with the Vietnamese customs; there were incidents and clashes and while Ho, Sainteny and Morlière were doing their best from the Hanoi end to pour oil on the troubled waters, it was a Saigon stooge, "the irate Colonel Dèbes", who, to prevent an "incident" at Haiphong from being settled, presented the local Vietnamese authorities with an unacceptable ultimatum, and then ordered the warship *Suffren* to shell Haiphong, killing many civilians in the process. Despite this outrage, which was to poison Franco-Vietnamese relations, Ho Chi Minh, though now presiding over a Government, many of whose members were becoming increasingly alarmed by the presence of French troops in Tonking and by what had happened at Haiphong, and thought the time ripe for "preparing for the worst", nevertheless continued to press for a new agreement with the French. With the coming into power of the short-lived Blum Government in December 1946, Ho thought there was still hope of avoiding war. But his message to Blum, as Devillers reveals, was deliberately "delayed in transmission" by Saigon, and took a fortnight to reach Paris, the very fortnight in the course of which the war broke out with the "Hanoi Incident" of December 19.

Devillers comes to the conclusion that while neither the Vietnamese Army under Giap nor the Government of Ho Chi Minh (who himself was seriously ill at the time) was to blame for the attack, which cost 40 French civilians their lives, some of the *Tu Ve* (the Vietnamese "irregulars") had got out of hand. He even suggests that they may have been egged on by *agents provocateurs*—for the last thing Ho, at any rate, wanted was to burn his bridges at a moment when Blum had become Premier. But the French Army naturally struck back, and the Vietnam war began. The Government had to flee from Hanoi. But even then, month after month, Ho Chi Minh continued to call for an armistice, and not till 1949, with his recognition by China and the Soviet Union, did his attitude change. Amongst the men in France who did most to sabotage any settlement, while there was still a good chance for one, were Marius Moutet, Blum's Socialist Minister for Overseas France who, during his lightning visit to Hanoi in January 1947, was completely bamboozled by the French *colons* and militarists, Right-wing Socialist Premier Ramadier, and M.R.P. leaders like Bidault and Coste-Floret.

Devillers throws a lot of new light on Bao Dai. He is fairly charitable to the "Emperor" and, while not denying that he is a weak man and addicted to his personal pleasures, he is far from dismissing him as a "comic opera" or "night club" emperor. He credits him, indeed, with not only a good deal of political acumen, but also with a genuine desire to serve his country. True, he had welcomed the Japanese when they came "to liberate Vietnam from the French", but in 1945 he had surrendered his authority to the Vietnam Republic with dignity, and had later become Ho Chi Minh's "supreme counsellor". When the French later decided to rope him in, he resisted for a long time, did not hasten to condemn the Viet Minh, and would not lend himself to the French schemes until France formally agreed to the "independence" of Vietnam—a word Ho had tried in vain to extract from them at Fontainebleau. It indeed seemed at first that Bao Dai could rely on the support of not only the Ciodaists, but of Right-wing (and essentially anti-French) nationalist groups. Devillers produces a large number of facts to show that Bao Dai's original plan was to strengthen his regime sufficiently to enable it to enter into negotiations, and reach a compromise with the Viet Minh, complete with a cease-fire and a "democratic election" which might result in a sort of Bao Dai-Ho Chi Minh coalition, with the French gradually fading out.

There is evidence in the book to show that, for a time, Viet Minh considered this possibility with some favour. But by this time Pignon, the High Commissioner who succeeded in 1948 the more reasonable Bollaert, and had been one of the diehards surrounding the disastrous d'Argenlieu, would not hear of it. Bao Dai became increasingly disgruntled, and—after the hopes he had raised had been dashed to the ground—discredited in the eyes of his own people. His regime became a tool in the hands of the French for continuing the war "against Communism"—even though Leclerc had so often sounded the warning that "anti-Communism in Asia is meaningless so long as the national problem has not been settled". In 1950 Bao Dai dismally remarked to a visitor: "There is no Bao Dai solution any more; there is only a French solution".

The matter has been further complicated by the repercussions of the Korean war and by the inclusion of Indo-China in America's "strategic sphere". Even so, Devillers still thinks that a Bao Dai—Ho Chi Minh compromise is the only solution, if France is not to be completely ruined. He even believes that such a solution might be compatible with world peace; the Vietnamese have no natural liking for China—rather the contrary; and the very limited help given by China to the Viet Minh lately shows, he says, that China does not wish Vietnam to be *too* independent. And he thinks a Vietnamese buffer State a practical possibility. Since the Americans will not tolerate its satellisation by Russia or China, while China will not tolerate its Americanisation, why not let Vietnam stew in its own juice and make the best of it—with French "economic and cultural interests" fully safeguarded? ALEXANDER WERTH

About Bacon

[With bacon imports restricted by balance-of-payments difficulties, the British consumer often wonders why the meagre slice on his breakfast table cannot be augmented by greater efforts on the part of the domestic producer. The following article examines some factors in this problem.]

BASICALLY, of course, it is all a matter of guts. The alimentary tract of the pig, in proportion to his size, is about half that of the cow or the sheep, and this intestinal fact governs his economic character. For the pig, unlike his more spaciously-equipped colleagues, is not designed to cope with bulky and fibrous food. In particular, though he does eat grass, he is not really a grass-eating beast. As a matter of fact, he is not by original nature even a grassland animal, and his ancient home was forest and scrubland where he foraged happily on nuts and roots, carrion and stray greenstuff, living the life and, more significantly, eating the food of primaeval man. The tradition endures, and a pig would still do very well on human food. A balanced ration of porridge and milk, meat, potatoes, and salad, bacon and eggs and bread would not, it is true, be financial commonsense, but it would be quite sound nutritional policy. And the practical, contemporary implications of all this are clear: the pig, alone among the four-legged meat-producers on the farm, competes directly with mankind for the food he needs.

Admittedly, the pig produces more human food per lb. of nutrient than the cow or the sheep. Admittedly, he matures early, breeds rapidly and leaves behind him peculiarly valuable manure. Admittedly, he is prepared to adapt himself to a surprising variety of physical conditions and systems of farming, including small-scale agriculture to which other animals are ill-suited, while his demands on space, so precious in these crowded islands, are small. But the exercise of these economic virtues depends upon an adequate supply of the sort of food which human beings might eat, and it is significant that man has traditionally encouraged his rival to seek his rations from sources a little outside the general economy of the farm.

In the Middle Ages, for instance, he spent much of his life in the woods, supporting himself on the products of the Waste which lay beyond the ploughman's frontiers. Then, when the primaeval forests were no more, he contented himself with such farm produce as man could spare after he had satisfied his own personal and commercial needs, with tail corn, chat potatoes and the skimmed milk residues of the butter-maker. And in our own time, in the years between the wars, he relied increasingly on imported fodders, on barley and maize and protein cakes from overseas, so that the home farmer was often merely the agent through whom the produce of Argentine or America reached the pig's trough.

It was, therefore, in terms of fodder that the pig industry as it existed in this country before the war could most convincingly be analysed. First, there were the specialist producers, frequently working on factory lines with pigs as their processing machinery and purchased fodders as their raw material. Secondly, there were the general farmers and market gardeners who kept pigs in varying degrees of economic intensity, sometimes as a major enterprise for cash profits, sometimes as a mere sideline to consume waste and produce manure on their essentially mixed holdings. And thirdly, there were the part-time smallholders and the "cottage garden men" whose pigs, fed largely on household waste, were a domestic asset rather than a source of income. Indeed, their value was psychological as well as economic, for they were the sole form of productive animal property left to the farm labourer after the enclosure-times and anyone familiar with the older rural society will recall the almost ceremonial importance of the cottage-pig in the life and conversation of the village.

There was, therefore, a certain element of incoherence in the pre-war pig-industry, and with this incoherence went instability. One instance of this was the celebrated "pig cycle" which afflicted pig population, output and prices with such painful regularity; and one symptom of it was the generally poor quality of our pigstock, which the herds of the good breeders emphasised by contrast rather than redeemed by example. And the background, here as elsewhere, was fierce competition from overseas. In particular, the Danes, by doing what the Englishman had failed to do, by systematic breeding and testing, by rigid control on the farm and careful study of the consumer's tastes, had evolved a highly standardised, almost machine-made type of pig with which to win the British market. They had, it is true, one industrial advantage denied to this country, namely, vast quantities of skimmed milk; but they owed their success primarily to hard work, hard thought and prolonged application to the matter in hand.

The implications of all this were obvious and the 1930s saw a general attempt to set the pig-farmer's economic house in order, mainly by means of a statutory marketing scheme designed partly to stabilise prices, partly to encourage better standards of breeding and management by a system of grading carcasses and paying according to quality. It was not very spectacular but it achieved results; in 1939 there were more and better pigs in this country than in 1930, and the housewife's prejudice against home-grown bacon was weakening. But then the ancient limitations, long banished by a reliable supply of imported feeding stuffs, returned; the "food factor" once again began to dominate our pig industry.

The effects of the war and the peace which followed the war are deplorably familiar to both producers and consumers. But, like many other familiar things, they need anaylsis. First, then, the supply of imported fodders, which were the mainstay of the pre-war industry, declined heavily. Secondly, human beings once more began to eat food formerly given to pigs—more wheat in the loaf, for instance, meant less wheat offals in the trough. For the pig does not create food, he merely converts one sort of food into another—and, in so doing, he inevitably takes his toll. But his terms were too high for a besieged nation; food for direct human consumption, whether imported or home-grown, was too valuable to be processed, at a price, by the pig. In statistical terms, therefore, the pig population of England and Wales, some 3,515,000 in 1939, fell to 1,988,000 in 1941 and 1,146,000 in 1947. But even these figures do not show the whole industrial loss, which was in quality as well as in numbers. On the one hand, the specialist holding tended to keep a better type of pig than the general holding, yet the specialist breeders, who were naturally more dependent on imported feeding stuffs, suffered the heavier loss. On the other, bulky fodders, including swill from towns and camps, replaced the older concentrated fodders; and, though they provided the necessary nutrients, they were inherently less precise tools for the pig-feeder. Thus quality of pigmeat was sacrificed to quantity, and the abandonment of the grading scheme symbolised the postponement of pre-war policies and pre-war hopes.

The number of pigs in this country has more than doubled in the last six years, and is now distinctly above its pre-war level, while the pig industry has settled down into a new pattern of production. The "factory-type" pig-producer has gone with the cheap, imported feeding stuffs on which he depended, though his less intensive brother may survive with the aid of swill; small pig-keepers, many of them outside the normal definition of "farmers," have increased considerably in number, and much household refuse, formerly wasted, now goes into their animals; and there is a general tendency to keep more pigs on the mixed farm. But serious difficulties lie ahead. Some are directly economic, a matter of costs of production, and here the ultimate remedy, surely, is technical—the better use of existing tools and the greater use of new ones, such as fodder-beet and electric fencing, as they come available.

But the demand for quality, now stimulated by the return of foreign competition, is less easy to meet. For one thing, most of the available raw materials, the bulky home-grown fodders, are less suitable than concentrates for producing fine carcasses; for another, the systematic improvement of stock by breeding is inevitably a slow and exacting business, requiring, in particular, more detailed records than many pig-farmers are prepared to keep. However, a start has been made with the revival of a grading system for carcasses, which at present operates on an "educational" basis; but will begin in January, 1953, to affect prices. Thus are men's minds being turned towards the importance of quality. And this is as it should be. Here as elsewhere quality pays.

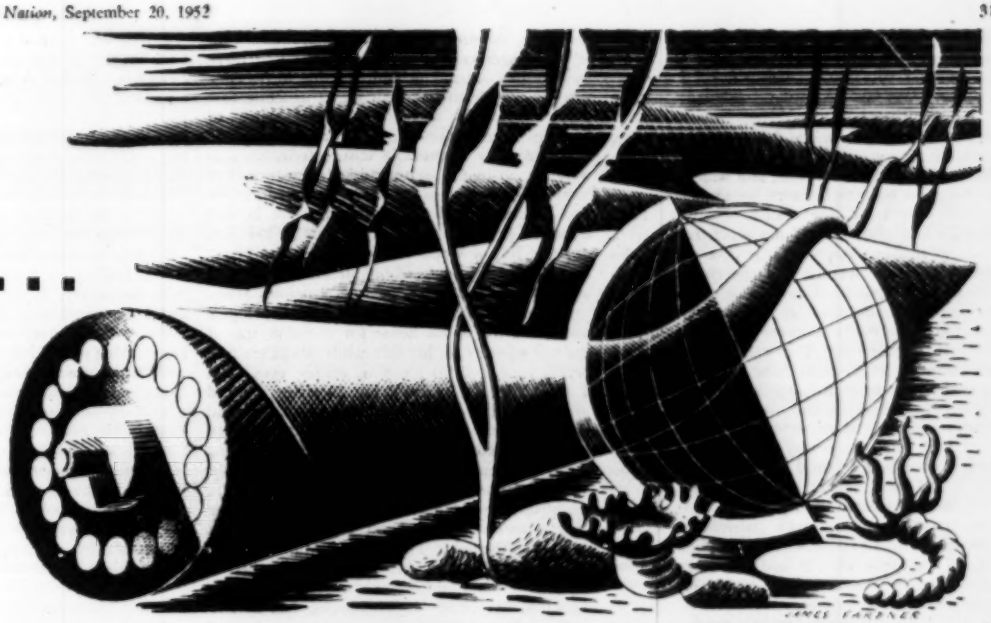
NIGEL HARVEY

Success

WHEN I agreed to go to the poetry-reading at the Wooden Plough, I had not realised that Ladbrooke would be there, personally in charge of the party; and I was surprised to see him in the bar when I arrived. He was leaning on the bar, not so much a man at ease, as one playing the part of a man at ease in surroundings he had always praised but not much frequented. There were two other readers with him, an actor I had seen in the county-town repertoire theatre, and a young woman who was trying to make a living by running a hand-printing press in a bungalow. They treated Ladbrooke with deference. He nodded to me in a good-natured, patronising way, said he was glad to see me and that it looked as if they were going to have a good audience.

Ladbrooke and his party were in the saloon bar, and there were one or two of the gentry; and even some farmers, who did not usually frequent public houses, had presumably come to hear the poetry, or to see the famous publicist. They sat rather stiffly at the little tables, the men drinking whisky, the women sherry; they talked quietly and with restraint among themselves, and from time to time stole surreptitious glances at Ladbrooke who, as became a public man, ignored them when he could, and smiled in a friendly fashion when he could not. He was drinking bitter from a pint pot, with a rather hearty air, and his Shropshire brogue was more noticeable than I remembered it. He looked every minute of his age, the big face strained and tired beneath the superficial cheerfulness, a cheerfulness which was part of his attitude to culture, like that of a sporting, manly parson to religion: culture, he seemed to say, isn't something you have to be gloomy about; we men of letters should be

one inch thick . . .



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joyful, good fellows, none of your liverish, mealy-mouthed, belly-aching intellectuals.

"Haven't you been in Germany?" I said.

"Yes. Got back yesterday. Adenauer's doing a fine job of work."

That, I thought, would hardly have been his opinion a year or two ago, but he had been lecturing in America of late, and widely lionised, as he had a right to be, with his immensely successful new book, the choice of all the book leagues and clubs. It is too much to expect a man to remain sharply critical of a people who are trebling his fortune and covering him with the glory of publicity *de luxe*. Not, of course, that he had been unsuccessful before; his Common Man column was syndicated in two continents. So I do not mean that American success had gone to his head, as it might have done to that of a younger, poorer man. But how could he continue to think them wrong-headed, even dangerous, over there, when they so obviously and with such generosity thought him a great and a good man? As, I thought, he had been: at least I had thought and felt so when, years ago, he had written with passionate sympathy of the unemployed, and with passionate anger of those he held responsible for their plight. I was sorry, and angry, that he had come now to what he called the "realism" of some shabby, icy-hearted financial columnist, and was echoing, in public, that complacent pundit's words about the need for "a certain amount of disinflationary unemployment."

Formerly, I thought, before he was rich and mighty, Ladbrooke would have made excellent fun of that, asking, perhaps, whether *disinflationary* was the right adjective for the drafty, dirty street corner and its permanent inhabitants, the seedy, dead-eyed men with their grey faces expressionless, their grey hands thrust into the ragged pockets of suits owed to an impersonal and resentful charity? He might, in his day, have asked whether this famous *disinflationary* described, maybe, the atmosphere of the Labour Exchange, the cold and tainted air staled in the lungs of underpaid, overworked, weary and peevish officials, and of men hopelessly seeking work, however uncongenial, so long as the pay was a little more than the dole that bought bread and scrape and no more, for their families. Spitefully, I said: "I hear you had a troublesome time with the newspaper men at the airport?"

Ladbrooke gave me an oddly hurt, uncertain look, so unlike the assurance of his successful manner that I was half ashamed of my malice. He said: "Tiresome fellows. Still, they have their living to get." Nothing about the interview they had forced from him. In any case, our attention was distracted by a sudden silence in the public bar. "It's about time we started," Ladbrooke said.

As we came into the public bar I saw that Emblescombe was there, that he had the *Evening Gazette* in his hand, with Ladbrooke's photograph and the interview, all over the front page. I saw, too, that he was staring at the distinguished man who was going to read poetry, with a kind of desperate yearning which foreboded an embarrassing scene—the more embarrassing in that I knew Emblescombe for a stammerer who had to force out the first word of every sentence with explosive violence, a kind of pop, followed by a frothy gobbling of half-articulate words charged with the intense feeling he experienced, but was ill-equipped to express.

I knew Emblescombe because he attended evening lectures organised by the Local Educational Authority, some of which I had delivered. He always asked questions, and I had suffered at his hands, standing there, a fixed and foolish grin of encouragement on my face, pretending there was nothing unusual or embarrassing in his convulsive struggle to force out the obstructing first word. Intensely earnest, the least touch of humour in an answer confused or offended him. He gave every moment of leisure from his arc-welding job in the factory to self-education, but there was no order or coherence in his effort. He was poignantly and belatedly aware—for he had eaten the first square meal of his life in 1940—of a world full of wonders; like a man in a panic, hounded by the sense of his lifetime half wasted away, and the swift passage of his remaining years.

One night, after a lecture, he came up to me and asked me to his house for a cup of tea. I did not want to go; his soft, white, shapeless face repelled me, and his pleading, restless eyes. But I went, tried to answer his questions, groped about helplessly in the frantic disorder of his mind and, after his sallow, hostile wife had excused herself and gone to bed, heard his story, piecing it together out of short, barely comprehensible, spluttered phrases and half-phrases. It was . . . disinflationary. There had been a job for one year as an errand boy, upon leaving school, and, thereafter, the dole. This was in a Midlands town surrounded by four hundred square miles of squalor which Emblescombe was exceptional in noticing, in hating—back-to-backs, half-derelict mills of dirty, yellow brick, not a tree, not a field, not a flower, not a man fully alive. There was no deep sense of being wronged, in his acceptance of idleness, degradation and perpetual hunger; there was no jaunty bearing of misfortune; there was no dark and terrible revolt in the soul; no stirring of outraged manhood in the heart, or outraged reason in the mind. There were none of these things, because Emblescombe was not allowed to be a man, was kept barely alive as a lean, grey sign to those who still went from slum to mill, a sign that it was best to be content with a wage too small and hours too long.

But if two or three million unemployed were literally hopeless, Emblescombe was not. God knows where he found his foolish faith, small and feeble though it was, in the men who wrote and espoused the cause of the three million. Yet, after all, why not, why should he not believe their promises? What could he know of the publicists' need to feel themselves warm-hearted, and with something to write and orate about, if profitable attention was to be drawn to themselves? At all events, when war brought him, for the first time, training in a trade at least half-skilled, food in relative plenty, good pay, the sense of being useful and worthy, a wife, a house and, however harassing in the event, the glorious possibility of discovering the world of minds, he thanked not God, nor Mr. Chamberlain, not even Adolf Hitler, his real saviour, but, of all people, Ladbrooke. To me, he said, simply: "He s-s-s-spoke for us."

That was true. But now Ladbrooke's ideas were different, the ideas of a worried payer of super-tax complaining of his lot in letters to *The Times*, who worked little schemes to get some of his dollar fees paid him in Italy, where he had a villa. His views were, in short . . . disinflationary, and were set forth in the *Evening Gazette's* cleverly malicious interview written by a man who had cornered the old, once formidable enemy of his owner's and editor's policy, hard up against the Customs barrier in the B.O.A.C. shed, and who had demanded to know whether it was true that Ladbrooke had jettisoned his old loyalties? And he had stripped from the verbiage in which Ladbrooke had had the presence of mind to obscure his answer, all but the facts. Or rather, not quite all: he had left in certain phrases . . . "the leaders of our great Transatlantic ally see clearer and farther to-day than some of my old associates . . ." that was one. It had, for the *Gazette* man, who might overestimate the sensibility of his readers, this merit: that it could be contrasted with Ladbrooke's professional prose, so often praised for its concise simplicity. The general impression was that Ladbrooke had ceased to talk about men, and had taken to talking about Man, like any politician.

Ladbrooke stood before the public bar, his assistant readers on either hand, and took a book from his pocket. It was John Clare, of all poets, and I wondered what our tractor drivers would make of that, though some of the gentry might like it. Men passed pints and half-pints round the circle which was forming. Ladbrooke said: "Well, ladies and gentlemen, tonight I want you to meet a man of your own calling, and a poet—John Clare." He held up the book, turning it about rather like a conjuror displaying a box . . . no false bottom, ladies and gents. Emblescombe's holding up the *Evening Gazette*, at the other pole of the circle, looked like mimicry. Ladbrooke, about to continue with his introduction, was disconcerted by the uncouth gurgles of this distressed-looking member of his audience, trying to force out a word. But then he saw the paper, his own photograph folded across, half a headline, which he could so easily complete for himself, reading *Famous Columnist Quits*. . . . Emblescombe, at last forced o : his, "Eh, mister, wha . . . wha . . . wha . . . what abou' this, then?" Ladbrooke lost some of his high colour. Emblescombe was talking now, more clearly than usual, and with a kind of turgid eloquence, drawing a word picture, in clumsy but impressive strokes, of himself and those others in the old days of the eternal queue outside the Labour Exchange, grateful for Ladbrooke not as a political agitator, a man whose support could do them harm with editors and public, but as one whose championship of their cause lent them status, confirmed their humanity.

For my part I found Emblescombe's words moving. Ladbrooke, still white, was muttering to the actor at his side and passing him the book. We were all watching him curiously, some with sympathy, others with malice. Emblescombe's peroration was a repetition of his opening; he raised and waved the *Evening Gazette*, saying, excitedly: "Wha . . . wha . . . wha . . . wha' about it, mister, eh?"

The man who came to the rescue was a stranger, who stood up, tall, assured, burly, in thick, blue serge, and said: "Well, friend, *what* about it? We've all seen it. Circumstances alter cases. It's a fool who never changes his mind. Mr. Ladbrooke here's always been our best writer, and now he's a man of sense, too, eh?" He waited for the laugh and got it, and then went on: "Byegones byegones, and all that. We're all for sound sense and getting back to normal, here, I take it? Good. For my part, ladies and gents all, I'd as soon have one of Mr. Ladbrooke's own rattling good pieces, but if its poetry we're to have . . . then let's have it."

The repertory actor, with his feeling for a cue, at once begun to read, and to read well. We heard no more from Emblescombe that evening. My attention was given to the man who had saved the situation and I must say my heart went out to Ladbrooke: he could hardly be proud of this ally. The man still kept his contemptuous eyes on Emblescombe, a self-appointed policeman keeping order, the sort who will run to help two large constables hold on to one small and undernourished pickpocket. I can best describe his

face by saying that if a painter had wanted to represent the pure idea "sergeant-major," then this face should have been his model. A great bar of square-cut moustache divided the face in two, above a thick-lipped mouth and a heavy jaw. The eyes were small, dark, shrewd, under straight brows. The whole person of the man radiated a kind of powerful animal vitality. He would not have been pleased with my identification of him with sergeant-majors; I expect he used a military rank, but it would probably be captain, or major. He was unmistakably commercial, but there was about him, about his clothes, his small, quick eyes, the exaggerated, almost blustering assurance with which he looked about the room—there was about all this a suggestion that the commerce he engaged in was unsavoury. I would never have expected anything illegal from him, but something a trifle shady, a brisk, discreet trade in rubber goods, or the promotion of dog-racing tracks, the hire of fruit machines, the floating of small football pools.

Later, as we walked towards the car park, Ladbrooke began to talk of the embarrassing scene which had held up the reading. I did not want to see him wriggle, I wanted to stop him; there was nothing to be said, and if there were I did not want to hear it. Ladbrooke was fumbling for words while I thought up, with a sense of anxious compassion for what must, I supposed, be his mortification, all I could remember of Emblescombe's want of balance, of sense, of order in the mind . . . anything which would depreciate his pain and indignation, and extenuate the treachery of which Ladbrooke, irrationally if you like, must be feeling himself guilty.

I need not have taken so much trouble. What Ladbrooke actually said was: "It's foolish, no doubt, but I couldn't help being moved by the way that fellow spoke of me. A military man, by the look of him. It's pleasant to know one's work touches all sorts. What rubbish is talked about philistines! All said and done, they're the backbone of the country." EDWARD HYAMS

Nomenclature

LONDON'S least frequented exhibition is I suppose, the Parkes Museum: the interest, to be sure, is somewhat specialist. But memory, gone damp with the long littleness of life, can have a spark struck from it by unexpected flints; and as I killed half an hour in the Museum the other day, waiting for a belated boat train across the road at Victoria, the spectacle of that recondite artistry—functionalism relieved by those patterns of aspidistra leaves and blue iris—reminded me that I had once been a collector of Names. My collection, compiled for the most part in the care-free Twenties, when a pound exchanged for huge sheaves of European currencies and it cost less to travel than to stay at home, was contained in a note-book which fell victim, like more precious things, to the activities of Hermann Goering's enthusiastic creators of *le néant*. With all respect to M. Sartre, I regret its loss; as an anthology of nomenclature it is, I fear, irreplaceable. In these days of the Welfare State, the flow of imagination in this vein has slackened: ebb tide is betokened by such dreary appellations as the "Civic", or the "Adamant"; the great Names of my youth are gone.

That perished collection—place and date of each *trouvaille* carefully entered—had an aim wider than the mere evocation of memories of agreeable wanderings: it was in a sense (though it ill becomes me to say so) a scholarly contribution to the study of national psychology. Was it not

Scene reconstructed by Roy Carman

WHEN IT FIRST OPENED ITS DOORS, in 1894, to post-graduate students from other universities, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge granted them a greater privilege than anyone suspected. Only three years later their brilliant leader, Professor J. J. Thomson, announced that his experiments with cathode rays had revealed ". . . matter in a new state . . . in which the subdivision of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state. . ." With this discovery of the electron, as it is now known, came the dawn of the atomic age — an age which has already transformed science and industry — giving us such wonders as television and the electron microscope — and has provided a vast new source of power. How rich were the closing years of the nineteenth century in great names and great beginnings! It was also in 1894 that Albert E. Reed took over an almost derelict straw paper mill to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers. Acquiring and revitalising other paper mills with remarkable energy and foresight, he founded one of the world's largest paper-making organisations. And at the five mills of the Reed Paper Group — where giant modern machines produce every day hundreds of tons of newsprint, kraft, tissues and other papers — his pioneering spirit is kept alive in ceaseless technological research.

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ignificant, for instance, that in Italy (*passim*) "Rapido" and "Presto" predominated? Not great readers, clearly, those eager young men who marched in their black shirts on Rome. And in Strasbourg (in 1922, I fancy) I might perhaps have been forewarned by the fact that a German artist had titled his monument characteristically "Au Revoir." But let me not insist too much on history, current or future. The abiding impression made by my collection — if I recall aright its pages—was that the manufacturers of those times had a great bent for a cultured classicism now unfashionable even in the Free World of individualism and formalistic heresy. Occasionally, it is true—"Niagara" (Bruges, *c.*1924) and "Colorado" (Madrid, I think, *c.*1927) are instances—tribute was already being paid to the new-fledged American Century. But, for the rest, the pages of *Lemprière* were dredged: "Electra," "Pallas," "Corinth" and "Neptune," "Olympos" and "Athenaeum" proliferated from Calais to the Hellespont.

Gratifying, too, it was to a modest young Scotsman, who was given by an inscrutable Providence the chance of several Grand Tours on lesser peoples' depreciated currency, to find how widely Britain's nineteenth century capitalist imperialism had left its mark, by exports, on other lands. There was always a thrill of patriotic pride in coming across the "Lomond" in such unlikely places as Cracow or Ljubljana; and even the English (but still noble) names of "Stanhope" or "Cavendish" had their moments in Palermo or Stamboul. But most appreciatively of all, perhaps, I recall an instance of warm, friendly comfort drawn from a Name when cold and lonely. I had gone in winter to Anatolia in a mistaken determination to see a particular mosque with ancient blue tiles. The January wind from the Taurus was bitter; the timber-built hotel was draughty and the beds infested with hostile Kemalist bugs; my only companions at table were two indomitable but taciturn German commercial travellers. England seemed a terribly long way off. Yet even here the export drive had reassuringly penetrated: discovering the "Lambeth"—ill-lit but legible—I felt almost at home.

AYLMER VALLANCE

The Arts and Entertainment

HEAVY COMEDY

It is really very odd, the completeness of Mr. Noel Coward's failure at the moment. Not even his most violent detractors in the old days would ever have accused him of incompetence. Yet just this, incompetence in the elements of his craft, is what he is displaying now. It is not as if, in *Quadrille*, his new play at the Phœnix, he is not on his own chosen ground. Sentimental comedy has these minimum requirements, witty writing and a ready fund of comic invention that can be relied on to supply at the critical moments a surprise extension of the situation or an unexpected reversal which carries the entanglement a point farther. Mr. Coward was once a master at this game, slick and brilliantly dexterous. Suddenly he has become heavy-handed and butter-fingered, bungling his play at all the crucial points.

The terms of *Quadrille* are, after all, promising enough. The time is 1875. A Marquess elopes to the South of France with the wife of an American Railway Magnate. The Marchioness and the Magnate join forces and fly after them to prevent the social disaster. They succeed, but in the process, fall in love with one another. As a plot this could perfectly serve. It offers the symmetry that is a great advantage to this kind of comedy, and gives plenty of scope for inside development. But at each of the catastrophes Mr. Coward's invention surprisingly breaks down. The discerning may observe the first crack in the second scene where the Magnate comes to the Marchioness to persuade her to join him. Her abrupt change of front—from standing on her dignity to accepting his proposals—is absurdly unexplained. Yet even the faintest hint of a sudden attraction, given us either in the writing or the acting, would have put this right. But the grossest clumsiness is at the turning-point of the whole play, in the second Act. The Magnate and the Marchioness arrive at the villa near Nice and plant themselves in Scene I upon the guilty pair. Scene II reveals that they have successfully broken up the elopement but this crisis is handled incredibly feebly. The drama is all missed. The fact of their having succeeded leaks miserably out, almost by mistake, so that the Magnate's comment: "I wonder if all victories carry with them such a curious sense of deflation" strikes us in a way that Mr. Coward did not intend. Then—an ungainly touch—in order to get the Marchioness and the Magnate into another duologue, Scene III is simply a repeat of Scene II several hours later with nothing having happened in the interval to justify the lowering of the curtain. It is at the end of this scene that the Magnate makes his boyish declaration of love for railways—a speech that, on the analogy of Othello's famous speech, is meant to captivate her. But this turns out another failure. The language, and the imagination behind it, is so low-pressured that the long declaration becomes a long bore. After that there should be only what a glance at the programme had led us to expect, a final scene to parallel the opening one. The Marchioness and the Magnate are now conducted into that Boulogne buffet where at the outset we first discovered the Marquess and the Magnate's wife eloping. That is all that was necessary, though, in fact, Mr. Coward first interpolates a long, tedious and wholly irrelevant scene in the Marchioness's London house.

Better acting might have done something to save the play; but here, too, Mr. Coward must shoulder some of the blame, for he is producer as well as author, and presumably had a say in the casting. The actor and the actress playing the subsidiary pair of lovers, the high-falutin' Marquess and the Magnate's Bostonian wife, completely fail to catch their respective accents; and one of the two comic interventions Mr. Coward does devise fails because the actress (it ought to have been someone like Miss Margaret Rutherford) is not up to the situation. There remain the Lunts, and even here I must confess to a disappointment. Mr. Alfred Lunt, it is true, gives a superb display. Like our own Mr. Eric Portman, he has the ability to create his character from the moment he comes in, to sketch a firm outline instantly in his carriage, his walk, the set of his head and shoulders, the way he wears his clothes; and this sketch is amplified as the evening goes on, innumerable creative touches of gesture and inflection building up the finished portrait. His performance made me dearly wish to have the chance of seeing him—which I have never yet had the luck to do—in a good play. Miss Lynn Fontanne, on the other hand, seemed to me distinctly out of key as the Marchioness. The writing suggested a grand lady, dignified, efficient and a little cold, who warded off all intrusions on her intimacy with a freezing touch. I could see none of this in Miss Fontanne's performance. She seemed to me less like a Marchioness than a hostess in a small American town.

But it must be admitted that Mr. Coward's touch in the actual writing is very far from sure. He vacillates between several different styles, a stiff and formal ("I declare I am parched after all that horrid dust"), his own brand of pert persiflage ("Sullen silence is not only unco-operative but extremely irritating"), and a stodgy contemporary idiom which fits with neither ("At all events you cannot be emotionally upset after all these years"). One feels that the period has only been chosen to give Mr. Cecil Beaton the chance of designing some characteristically luscious sets. Certainly Mr. Coward does not really use it, and he commits some curious bloomers. Would a Marchioness, for instance, refer to her husband's first speech in the Lord's as his "initiation speech"? And wouldn't the Reverend Edgar Spevin (Mr. John Gill managed this part, by the way, with a nice restraint) be not "vicar of," but the English chaplain at, Nice? Some claim to feel that in this play Mr. Coward is trying to push through to a rather different treatment, one in which he displays more heart and less head. This may supply an explanation of his otherwise inexplicable failure. Let us hope he pushes through soon—for his temporary loss to the theatre is a severe one.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Meet Me To-night," at the Marble Arch Odeon

"24 Hours of a Woman's Life," at the Empire

Chaplin Films at the Cameo, Charing Cross Road, and the Monseigneur, Leicester Square

Mr. Noel Coward wrote a series of short plays under the title *To-Night at 8.30*: the time, presumably, at which the plays started. In filming three of these plays the title has been changed to *Meet Me To-Night*, which has nothing to do with the individual pieces, or indeed with anything. But one can see what the film-makers were after. They wanted to hold on as much as possible to their original and to suggest something in the nature of *Let's Go to the Pictures*. Hence the singularly pointless title. It wouldn't be worth bothering about except that the same process of feeble compromise, of empty theatricality, is evident throughout the film.

I should hazard, without having seen or read Mr. Coward's one-acters, that their life off the stage would be, to say the least, precarious. Look at some of his own titles here: *Red Peppers* for the first sketch (it's no more), Pepper being the name chosen by Mr. Coward for a music-hall couple, and red their wigs. Has the second, *Fumed Oak*, any relevance whatsoever? Unless a suburban family *fuming* is the awful idea. *Ways and Means*—moneyed means—for the third, ceases even to be smart. Now, it is possible to hit on bad titles for good plays; but bad smart titles, in my experience, go with the dregs of smartness. And such I suspect these playlets to be. They have—as they reappear on the screen—all the worst Cowardisms: behind-the-scenes music hall seen by "the profession," the lower middle class nagged at and fancied by one who has escaped from it, the boring sunflies of Monte Carlo—fascinating, apparently, to the author as the sort of idiocy one escapes into. None of the three pieces—despite such actors as Stanley Holloway and Jack Warner, Valerie Hobson and Kay Walsh—have the least reality; actors are encouraged only to be actors, and, all being artificial, the deficiencies of plot and wit grow hideous. *Why are English films so unreal?* is more often than not the grudge one harbours (for two minutes) after suffering one of them. This particular one suffers from West End success: poisonous disease! It should be ringed off within Shaftesbury Avenue and St. Martin's Lane. How admirable, by comparison, is the least of screened Maugham! He, a most live, charming reptile, can scatter carelessly trios, quartets and what you will. Mr. Coward, lizardly, can't. His best has turned out, in cinemas, well. His worst—well, here it is, and Heaven help those who queue ninety minutes in order to enjoy it.

But which way do you prefer British films, smart or sentimental? *24 Hours of a Woman's Life* gives us the sad side of that Riviera with which the third of the Coward pieces sports languidly, and lachrymose it is. A popular English novelist has gathered round him in a

THE PLANTER'S WIFE

(A)

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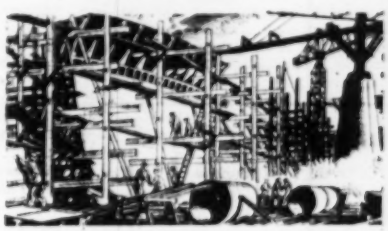

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pension a small audience (mostly English) who are entranced by his proposition: there can be love at first sight! He tells a sad bad tale about love and gambling; and always we return to that hushed circle of listeners. We are supposed to hook on at the back of them. Not for one instant does the make-believe spread beyond those who, so eagerly, are trying to put it over. "In my part of the country," exclaims one of them, told of an absconding bride, "we'd call her a—*flibbertigibbet*!" And that part of the country—wherever it is—must be where they all come from.

This week was redeemed for me at the last minute by early Chaplins in the news-reel theatres: the approach of *Limelight* had awakened them. *The Count* (at the Monseigneur) is that old favourite with beards and bottoms and the ice slipped down the lady's back on the verandah; and *Laughing Gas* (Cameo, Charing Cross Road) new to me, makes indelicate play with the dentist's chair as a *chaise longue*. No doubt others will be coming along. May I put in a special plea for *Sunnyside*, *2 A.M.*, and *The Face on the Barroom Floor*?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

PEACOCK'S novels—reflective topical satires, after all, with only the most tenuous thread of plot—cut across all admonitory objections to the dramatised Good Book by turning into the most elegant and entertaining of plays. *Nightmare Abbey* (Home Service, Monday night) was a classic example of this transformation. It may be that these philosophic frivols, dry reading though they sometimes seem, are half-way to being drama already; at any pretext the author shifts into dialogue, or (charmingly) into light song or verse. If we want a moral, it is, perhaps, that wit and style are, on the air particularly, the best of preservatives. Comedy, which can be cruel or vulgar, changes its fashions; sentiment is too soft to last at all. At the same time, Peacock has an affection for what he satirises; his anti-romanticism has in itself a romantic air which, for a radio production, lends a good deal of visual circumstance—castle interiors, secret wings, echoing galleries and such. The comment of Shelley, who was the target in *Nightmare Abbey*, ceases, therefore, to be surprising: "I think Scythrop admirably conceived and executed, and I know not how to praise sufficiently the lightness, chastity and strength of the language as a whole. The catastrophe is excellent." E. J. King Bull, who is a forceful producer, gave a necessary speed and vitality to the narrative. I must confess, however, to waiting throughout for the appearances of Geoffrey Dunn as the Hon. Mr. Listless. His part in the novel, though ornamental, is more than usually slight; yet here, his every remark seemed of consequence to the production, whether: "I dare say it is very pleasant being in love, but it seems to give so much trouble that I fear the exertion would be too much for me," or, (to his valet): "Loosen my stays a little, for really this plebeian practice of eating—Not too loose—consider my shape."

Life on Other Planets, a faintly Peacockian project from the announcements, sounded promising: it was experimental, though not quite without radio precedent; the subject itself was absorbing: even to the non-scientist, the expert's account of physical conditions on Mars and other of our neighbour worlds is as exciting as cinema and fictional fantasies about Martian men are tedious. The mistake lay, I think, in making it the theme for senior common room chat in the apocryphal college of St. Protasus'—unique, apparently, in combining a venerable cellar with a co-educational faculty. Taken as information, the news of Mars came over very patchily, with frequent and tiresome lay interruptions. Taken as entertainment, the programme frustrated the listener in another way. I make no complaint about the actors who presented with such remorseless gusto these donnish and quarrelsome dons and their insufferable Warden. The real vexation was that nothing happened. Plunged into a setting that strongly suggested the first chapter of a novel by Miss Dorothy Sayers, we had the illusion of being, throughout the forty-five minutes, on the edge of an event—perhaps, even (to use Shelley's word) a catastrophe. But the straight scientific reports from the 1952 British Association at Belfast—a passage of broadcasting for which we might pay tribute to the B.B.C.—provided much more satisfactory listening.

Since hearing, some Fridays ago, the first of a group of weekly talks by Sir Arthur Grimble on his experiences as an official in the Gilbert Islands early in the present century, I have been an unfailing and admiring listener to this superb raconteur. His humour is observant but kindly; few speakers are able to tell a story against themselves with such urbane humility. The opening piece, *The Old Man of the Foreign Office*, with its gentle satire on the Kipling ideal of leadership that troubled the forlorn young candidate, deserves a permanent place among the B.B.C.'s recorded talks; the succeeding ones, which range over a variety of experiences, have given me no less pleasure.

NAOMI LEWIS

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Ballets Nègres, at the Twentieth Century Theatre

The conflicts between missionaries and witch doctors or Negro Prophets and policemen are not so near our hearts that we welcome them in raw, emotional dollops. Berto Pasuka, choreographer and director of the *Ballets Nègres*, has devised two ballets on these subjects with fervent integrity, but little art, so that their success depends chiefly on the audience's emotional response. The range of steps and ideas in *They Came* and *De Prophet* are limited to the very simplest, and there are moments when it seems as though the dancers are amateurs, improvising *ad lib*. This lack of discipline in the company is a pity, for so soon as the individuals are given something requiring technical skill they perform with a spirit and finish that shows professional artistry. In a performance last week it was not until the new ballet, *Cabaret—1920*, that there was anything like cohesion in the company, though there was still a lack of synthesis in the design. But the dancers were immediately at ease amid the rough-house story of Prohibition days: the charleston and tango were danced with that shimmering vitality that can only be achieved by Negroes and is so poorly imitated by Whites. Altogether, *Cabaret—1920* was a gay, energetic confusion of an enjoyable kind. It seems unfortunate that this little company of coloured dancers, which has now been going six years, wastes itself on indisciplined and unskilled choreography. There is room for development in this kind of ballet beyond the stage to which Katherine Dunham has brought it; for the Negro artist begins with a litheness, brilliance and charming exhibitionism that is not often attained by the White dancer.

A. F.

Railway Books, Prints and Relics, at the National Book League

A case containing "some examples of Colne Valley tickets" is a sight to make some hearts beat faster, some not. But even those incapable of being moved by this, or by timetables a century out of date, or by a free pass on the Arbroath and Forfar Railway, will find much instruction and a good deal of quiet amusement at 7 Albemarle Street. History? Let the share certificates of the Stockton and Darlington Railway speak of the part played by railways in the expanding economy of the nineteenth century. Art? Behold on the walls the *Vue du Chemin de Fer de Paris à St. Germain* or *Dieppe: Vue de la Gare*, or study the portfolio of *Views of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, with Details*. Human interest? Examine the regulations of the Talyllyn Railway Company (lent by the Talyllyn Railway Restoration Society). "Enginemen in bringing up their trains are to pay particular attention to the state of the weather," runs no. XVII; and no. XXVII, "In the event of any passenger being drunk and disorderly to the annoyance of others, the Guard is to use all gentle means to stop the menace." For pathos, if not stark tragedy (march of progress department) there is the curt notice served by the Traffic Inspector to the station-master of St. Germans, dated May 20, 1892: "This is the last Broad Gauge Train to travel over the line between Penzance and Exeter." Literature is here, with Zola's *Bête Humaine* lying open at the grisly accident scene, and Anouilh's *Point of Departure*, "a play which has for its setting the buffet of a French provincial station"; but this rather thin section of a lively exhibition hardly indicates the richness of the train theme in our novelists and poets, from Clough, Tennyson and Mrs. Gaskell to Brooke, Auden and Graham Greene. It is absurb to display a yarn for boys, *Rails across the Ranges*, or *Mrs. Hunter*, "a play to be acted by women, set in a station waiting-room," and not Kiplings' *007* or that best of short railway stories, Cunninghame-Graham's *Beattock for Moffat*.

J. A. S.

Bach Cantatas, at the Mermaid

The little Mermaid Theatre, in the Garden of Bernard Miles' house at 43a Acacia Road, N.W.8, has reopened its doors with an ambitious and varied programme: two plays, an improved revival of last year's *Dido and Aeneas* with Kirsten Flagstad repeating her calm and majestic Queen of Carthage, and an evening of two Bach cantatas and the motet, *Lobet den Herrn*. These were given with forces similar to those used in Bach's time, and the small chorus made an excellent effect under the direction of Geraint Jones; it was noticeable how much better the motet went with the often-denied support of organ and string bass. As centre-piece, Mme Flagstad sang the solo cantata, *Vergnügte Ruh*; it is always pleasant to hear her natural, unstrained delivery, but she will convey Bach's meaning more fully when she trusts herself to take her eyes off the printed score. The final cantata *Herz und Mund*, distinguished by Alexander Young's singing of the tenor part, went particularly well, and the audience emerged happily into the dusk of St. John's Wood with the strains of "Jesu, joy" ringing in their heads.

D. S.-T.

Kokoschka, Drawings and Lithographs, at the I.C.A.

These hundred drawings and prints, dating from 1904 to 1947, can be roughly divided into two categories: those drawn fairly directly from life, and those, more symbolic in character, drawn from imagination. Among the former are four masterpieces: the portraits of Levin Schucking, Ivar von Lücken, Max Reinhardt and the artist's mother. All four, although of different periods and style, have a common quality. This quality, which runs through all Kokoschka's work and is the basis of Expressionism

in general, depends upon the artist's recognition of the dramatic contrast between normal appearances and the inner experience that lies behind them—the expression of the real eyes seen through the slits of the mask. In the symbolic scenes the tension of this contrast is less firm (for appearances are somewhat sacrificed) than in the portraits where one is made aware of the mysterious flux of a personality behind and within the framework of normal, logically expressed form. All Kokoschka's portraits are of people in moments of crisis, moments when one feels that their bodies are merely vessels for their overflowing experience. His drawing (No. 93) of a woman listening to music is the most obvious and literal example. Her half-open mouth and her unseeing eyes are evidence of her release, her absence, almost of the irrelevance of her body. This physical irrelevance—which really amount to a sort of nakedness—gives his portraits both their casual, sensuous quality and their air of vulnerability. Finally, the measure of the genius behind Kokoschka's portraits is that they not only force us to admit their reality, but to acknowledge the price paid for it. J. B.

Italian Opera, at the Stoll

The season of Italian opera now playing to full houses at the Stoll is not unlike what one might find in a small Italian hill-town during the summer months. Stock repertory (the three popular Puccinis, the one popular Rossini, no Verdi), a star or two, a miscellaneous gathering of lesser lights, a scratch orchestra, pantomime scenery, no production and surely the minimum of rehearsal; but, pervading all, unbounded confidence in the power of the Italian genius to pull the enterprise safely through. *Il Barbiere*, on the opening night, was as rough a performance of that long-suffering old masterpiece as London can easily remember. It was fanned into life by the strong voice and masterful personality of Tito Gobbi, whose Figaro had more bounce than charm. Carlo Zampighi made a lubberly Almaviva, and Dora Gatta presented Rosina as the fastest girl in Seville. For some strange reason, she sang "Una voce" with two voices, one natural and flexible, the other quaint and ventriloquial—like Papagena pretending to be an old woman; but her performance of the original Lesson Scene was straightforward and sound. In *Madame Butterfly* Luisa Malagrida gave a performance which was well studied in detail and unexpectedly restrained in style, though wanting in sheer voice at the emotional climaxes. Both the Pinkerton and the Sharpless were colourless; and the orchestra had neither the quality nor the weight required by Puccini's rich and perfectly calculated sound-patterns. D. S.-T.

Sculpture and Paintings by Ben Enwonwu at the Galerie Apollinaire

Ben Enwonwu, who was born in Nigeria in 1921 and has had two previous one-man shows in London, is a sculptor of limited but intense talent. His latest carvings are subtler and more considered than his earlier works, whilst still retaining their full African character. The basis of Enwonwu's talent is his sensuous imagination which explains his feeling for the natural "physique" of the material (often ebony) in which he is working, his concern to make his carvings sensuously tactile objects in themselves, and his healthy, enthusiastic choice of what are fundamentally sexual themes. In the present show there are four dancing figures and one sitting figure (No. 4)—all of them slender with almost the proportions of golf clubs—which are really remarkable for the poise of their upward thrust and for their feeling of physically expressed release and aspiration. One feels that their carved turns and movements are as natural as the flexion and tension of the dancer's own muscles, as sexual and yet remote as the mounting, unanalysed images in her own mind. The limitation of Enwonwu's talent is that, although he is able to *preserve* the unity of a grained strip of ebony and adapt it to his image of a dancing girl, he is unable to *create* a unity out of more diverse component parts. It is this which explains why his more complex carvings and his portrait heads are less successful and coherent—lurching all over the place instead of growing in one direction; also, why his paintings are thoroughly bad. J. B.

Correspondence

SCIENTISTS' DILEMMA

SIR,—Although in his Presidential Address to the British Association Professor Hill did not get the scientist's dilemma into exactly the focus which seems to me the most cogent, his remarks cannot be dismissed quite so cavalierly as your Comment suggests. One cannot dispose of an argument by pointing out that one's political opponents may be able to twist it into a plausible basis for a disagreeable *non sequitur*. It is a fact that world population is increasing much faster than the output of food, and that if the process continues it must result either in a lowering of the standard of life throughout the world, or the reappearance of those "natural" checks on population, war, famine and disease. I suspect most scientists would be glad if they could persuade themselves that the dilemma with which the situation confronts them is, as you assert, "not an ethical but a technical one," and that all they need to do is to discover more methods for raising the productivity of agriculture. But the technical problem, though important, is not the main one; we already know enough to increase enormously the efficiency of basic production, if only the knowledge could be used as fully as are the discoveries of medical science. Professor Hill is, I think, perfectly right in emphasising that one of the reasons why health services have been more effective than agricultural ones is that our traditional system of values accepts the saving of a baby's life as a much more compelling obligation than the production of an adequate extra food ration for an individual's lifetime; it can also be done more quickly and dramatically, and costs less in capital outlay.

The problem of making full use of our existing or future knowledge concerning basic production should be, you say, "one for statesmen and not for scientists." But surely it is not unreasonable that many scientists doubt whether the statesmen will, in fact, make sufficiently serious attempts to solve it, especially in this field where they are not able to appeal to the powerful, more or less instinctive values which have carried the medical sciences into operation. The first dilemma which confronts the scientist is, in fact, one which Professor Hill somewhat neglected; is he justified in remaining a research scientist at all, or should he attempt to turn himself into some sort of executive, administrator or planner?

Even if a scientist does not feel that he could play a useful part in the world of affairs, he is still confronted with the question of whether he should, or should not, consciously relate his field of scientific work to the major problems which have arisen through the application of scientific discoveries; and if so, to what aspect of them. For the biologist, at least, the problem of population is almost certainly the most important. Is it, perhaps, undue optimism to generalise from the experience of countries with the Western Christian capitalist tradition, and assume that a rising standard of life will eventually bring about a fall in the birth-rate also in Asia and Africa? Even that relatively comforting belief leaves the situation as a vicious circle; the standard of mental and physical life cannot rise much till the numbers of the population are kept within bounds, but the birth-rate will not fall until the standard has risen considerably. There is no infallible rule for breaking out of a vicious circle, but probably the best course is to attack it at each and every point where it shows any sign of weakness. Hill is again right, I think, in asking whether further improvement in methods of saving life is one of these points; would not studies of methods of contraception, of agricultural techniques, or of the sociological factors which may limit the conception rate, be of equal value in the long run?

Behind such problems of personal behaviour, some of the general ethical questions which have long troubled mankind, such as the relative value of a large number of "inferior" human Indians or Britons or a small number of "superior" ones, have appeared in a new form, either because the situation is now quantitatively different to what it was before, or because we can see more clearly what its consequences are going to be. "Are we justified," asked Hill, "in doing good when the foreseeable consequence is evil?" It is a nice problem for the scientist to hand over to someone else; but until the non-scientists see that it is an increasingly pressing problem, which requires most patient thought, many scientists may feel compelled to puzzle away at it themselves. Moreover, the ethical problems can be stated only in terms such as statistical indices which belong to the categories of thought with which science is familiar but which are foreign to our traditional ethical preoccupation with the value of the individual. I am afraid that the scientist must face the problems, not merely as an ordinary citizen, as Hill suggests, but as a citizen with those specialised skills which this particular type of problem demands.

University of Edinburgh. C. H. WADDINGTON

"THROUGH THE 'WRINGER'"

SIR,—In connection with the conclusion, expressed in your editorial, "Pressure on Mr. Micawber," that the Americans may have decided the time has come to put Britain "through the wringer," it may interest

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you to know that this is literally the way American financiers think of the central problem of relations between our two countries. Speaking to the stockholders of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston in October 1951, Mr. William McChesney Martin Jr., formerly President of the New York Stock Exchange and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and now Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, explained, in relation to the convertibility crisis of 1947, that "a long and earnest discussion went on as to whether it would not be better for Great Britain to go through the 'wringer,' using that word in the sense I am sure you gentlemen understand . . ." Eventually it was decided "that this was not the time for Great Britain to go through the 'wringer.'" You may well be right that this decision has now been reversed and that Mr. Martin and his colleagues in Washington and New York have decided that the time has come.

Wilton, N.H. PAUL M. SWEEZY

TITO-ISM

SIR,—As an author I have no criticism to make of Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's review of my book on Tito. But as a politician who wants to be taken seriously I strongly object to the remark: "All his life he has been in search of a cause; but his earlier enthusiasms from the League of Nations to the Soviet Union turned out very disappointing. Now at last he has found a Utopia without a flaw."

It is true that like many of the generation who had to fight in the first world war for the sins and follies of their elders, I came to the conclusion that the root cause of war was the international anarchy, which took shape in the balance of power and the arms race, and that the only way to end war was to build a system of world Government. The first step in that direction was the League of Nations and that was why I entered the service of the League.

From the failure of the League I drew the conclusion that one cannot build world Government without renewing the foundations of society—capitalism is so embedded in international anarchy that it has to be at least partly replaced by Socialism before we can get a system of world Government that will work.

The situation after the second world war, I believe, confirms that analysis, for the problem of making peace boils down to the terms on which we can compromise with Communism. Those who fear and hate any advance towards Socialism cannot possibly make that compromise. For they know that the consequence of it would mean, not perhaps the spread of Soviet-type Communism, but certainly the advance, through the Welfare State and economic planning, to a predominantly collectivised society.

The immediate problem in making peace is therefore how to make peace with the Soviet Union and its associates. The Yugoslav revolt in the Communist camp introduced a new factor of great importance into the situation. That is why I wrote in the introduction to my book that it was intended "to cast light on the most important problem of our time, the question of whether, and, if so, how, non-Communist and Communist States can live at peace with each other," and in the beginning of the discussion of the Great Communist Schism: "The conflict between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia has become one of the sore spots of the world. If badly handled it could become the starting-point for a third world war. If rightly understood by the West it could be used to end the cold war by the only means possible, and that is by negotiation and compromise, based on the recognition of mutual interests between the two great armed camps that cannot hope to overawe, let alone conquer, each other by superior force."

One may agree or disagree with the analysis and proposals of the book. But it is merely silly to try to present it as a piece of hero worship by an inveterate chaser of rainbows. K. ZILLIACUS

London, W.9.

HOLLAND'S POPULATION

SIR,—It is not surprising that Mr. Ritchie Calder should, in an otherwise well-informed article, have given evidence of having fallen for a fallacy that is current in this country: the assertion that Holland is overpopulated and must find outlets for the surplus. This assertion is in fact so much taken for granted that nobody seems to bother about evidence.

The fact that Holland has more people to the square mile than nearly all other European countries is not evidence. Since in an industrialised country only a relatively small percentage of the population is directly dependent on the soil for its living and only part of the total soil is productive in agriculture, the ratio of the *total* population to the *total* soil is economically meaningless. It can only afford a spurious argument to demagogues, as it did to Hitler in his quest for Lebensraum. How is the actual situation?

When the great depression hit Holland, the farmer couldn't sell his pigs. To restrict output, he was only allowed to keep a certain number. If his sows were too productive, he had to get rid of a number of piglets, but as he was not permitted to slaughter them, and as he couldn't sell them, he put them into his neighbour's sty or on the road to be killed by lorries. At the same time, nobody was starving. No talk of overpopulation then, the food was there and couldn't be got rid of. The pigs, of course, are only an example: the situation with other foodstuffs was much the same.

In the meantime, the population has increased considerably, to be sure, but productivity has increased even more. Productivity per man is about 7 per cent. over the pre-war figure, which makes nonsense of the theory that Holland no longer can afford a living to her increasing numbers.

How then did the overpopulation fallacy arise? It is chiefly an optical illusion, created by the housing shortage. If people can't find a place to live, then obviously there are too many people. True, if the qualification "or too few houses" is added. The housing shortage at present is more or less due to the shortage of capital, and the Government measures to stimulate emigration are likely to make that shortage worse. Not only is emigration in most cases subsidised, at a cost of £2,200,000 annually, but adults in the productive age represent a social investment. This investment returns dividends when the individual takes part in the national economy, but when he emigrates the dividends are collected by the country of immigration. This waste of capital is enormous. It helps build up the immigration country but severely handicaps Holland, even though the Government seems to be unaware of the situation. The industrialisation of the Western world would not have been possible without the prodigous increases in populations that accompanied it: now our standard of living is said to be in danger by overpopulation. Creating jobs and building homes would be a more constructive approach to the problem.

Amsterdam. R. F. WOLF

SHAW'S CORNER

SIR,—I was grateful for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S sensible and courteous reference to the situation arising from the Shaw Memorial Fund and the upkeep of Shaw's Corner. I have been distressed by the way in which it has been handled by the national press.

Certainly no great enthusiasm is likely to be kindled for a fund of which Shaw's fortune, and the continuing Shaw income, should so clearly be the principal mainstay. Some other means of rousing public interest must be found than that of merely inviting subscriptions. Surely a Committee should be formed, composed of people who knew and were closely associated with G.B.S., together with one or two others used to handling matters of this kind; and a really interesting and stimulating scheme should be launched, with plans for a Shaw Theatre nearer London than Malvern, and with provision for scholarship trainees in acting and production.

As for the house at Ayot St. Lawrence, it has always seemed to me that a suitable advertisement in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, the *Author*, and similar publications, would bring many applications from writers and others—some of them possibly associates of Shaw in the past—who would be only too glad to live there rent-free in return for their services in organising the Shavian relics and showing the house on two or three afternoons a week. The income from this—once again, if properly advertised, and with the co-operation of the Transport Board in running buses from Wheathamstead or Welwyn—should at least pay the rates, and possibly help with the upkeep of the house and garden. An attempt should also be made to provide really good catering arrangements during the summer.

Next year London will have a record influx of overseas tourists for the Coronation, and if Ayot St. Lawrence is properly put over by the tourist agencies it may easily become a "must" among visitors from abroad. But it is no good tackling the thing in the present apologetic, half-hearted way.

I myself know the house well, having visited it countless times during the war with and without Gabriel Pascal, with whom I was then associated; and I have the most grateful memories of both Mr. and Mrs. Shaw's kindness and hospitality to me on those occasions. For this reason alone I should be happy to do anything possible to assist with any such scheme; but still more because I feel that the present situation is a humiliating affront to one of the greatest writers this country has had the good fortune and privilege to nurture. MARJORIE DEANS

ENGLISH CLOTHING

SIR,—Much as I have enjoyed Dr. C. Willett Cunnington's previous works, and Miss Margaret Lane's review of his new book *Englishwomen's Clothing in the Present Century*, I find it difficult to understand the nostalgia for past fashions.

I am old enough to remember a whole generation of women who could not enjoy a country walk, and who suffered from a life-time of respiratory compression without knowing what was wrong with them. I have seen a woman's liver in a pathology museum: it was almost bisected by a deep groove of cicatricial contraction caused by tight-lacing. In my work, I have a wide experience of the clothing habits of women to-day. It is a pleasure to see young expectant mothers, in their trim vests and pantees, agile throughout their pregnancies.

I disagree with Miss Lane's statement that it is now no longer socially permissible to advertise wealth or rank through the medium of clothing. It is certainly less obvious socially, but it is still done whenever possible. The wardrobe of Royalty still exhibits "conspicuous consumption," e.g., embroidered with lover's knots of seed pearls. But social distinction in dress to-day is most noticeably achieved by a time-lag. The purchaser of an original model has ceased to wear it by the time its prototype has been mass-produced for the street, but the original creation does influence the clothing of the masses. Paris sponsored the highwayman coat: after a time, every woman in Britain seemed to wear it as an inescapable uniform, despite its hideous redundancy of capes and its imitation swash-buckling pockets.

Miss Lane asks why the violent struggle for freedom in the Women's Suffragette movement should have been followed by so restricting a fashion as the hobble skirt. Surely this was an extreme and temporary expression of repudiation of Motherhood, or perhaps a challenge for women to be considered as citizens, apart from their sex.

When I lecture to young women, I point out the need for eternal vigilance lest their freedom of movement be taken from them by stealth. Only a few years ago, we were told that the New Look demanded corsets, and the shop windows were full of the new "waspies": happily they failed.

The sheath-like knee-length frocks of 1926 were not graceful, but at least they allowed freedom of movement and a certain degree of freedom from the sexual tyranny of fashion. For once, interest was focused on the personality rather than on the sexual allure of the wearer.

By all means let us have beauty and grace in our clothes. Is not beauty an expression of a truth, not its concealment, and the underlying truth of clothing is the free and healthy human body.

MARGARET MCGREGOR

Cothal, by Dyce, Aberdeenshire.

CORRECTION

The quotation in "This England" attributed to *Vogue* in our issue of September 6 actually appeared in another magazine. We apologise to *Vogue*.

Books in General

"LET no one say I have said nothing new; the arrangement of the material is new." Pascal was claiming to be less original than he was, but he had described, without meaning to, the insidious originality of anthologists. I have been looking lately at two anthologies, one of French, the other of English verse. By "the arrangement of the material," they leave one with completely different notions about the nature and function of poetry. Monsieur Thierry Maulnier's *Introduction à la Poésie Française* came out in that ominous year, 1939. It is a fairly slim volume, with a long and beautifully written if rather precious introduction. Frankly appealing to the minority, it expresses an intransigently fastidious personal taste. Monsieur Maulnier concentrates on poets, like Scève and d'Aubigné, who very roughly correspond to our Metaphysicals or perhaps more exactly to tormented later Elizabethans like Ralegh and Fulke Greville. From more famous poets, like Hugo and even Baudelaire, he is content to print detached lines and isolated stanzas. Much of what officially passes for poetry is for him mere rhetoric. Poetry is a mysterious essence which only a few actual poems successfully distil. "It is chymic gold". And it is only because some poets, inexplicably and intermittently, achieve the miracle of essential poetry that the general history of verse, as a literary form, is in the least interesting.

The new imposing five-volume collection, *Poets of the English Language*, edited by Mr. W. H. Auden and Professor Norman Holmes Pearson,* does not start off with any such fixed notion of what poetry ought to be and has only occasionally been. In three hundred pages, one can arrange poems and parts of poems to fit a thesis; in three thousand, one must allow them to speak for themselves. The editorial approach to this new collection is historical. The poetry of any period is what that period regarded as poetry. To understand and enjoy the poetry of the past, we must set it against its background, judge it by its conventions and aims. "These fragments," Monsieur Maulnier might say, "I have shored against *my* ruins": Mr. Auden and Professor Pearson seek rather to restore the past as a total construction for the use of an equally constructive future.

Anthologies are important because they form our taste. The plain reader in this country is still, for instance, under the dominion of Palgrave and Quiller-Couch. He thinks of the great Romantics or the great Victorians as the climax towards which English poetry had been working, almost consciously, from the start. He thinks—and here, at a less sophisticated level, he has something in common with Monsieur Maulnier—of the poetry *in* poetry as being essentially the lyrical element. The "real" poem for him is the song, the ballad, the elegy, or the ode; its "real" properties are a fine surge of feeling, elevated or intense language, and imagery from nature. Narrative poetry, dramatic poetry, didactic poetry, satirical poetry are secondary or "applied" kinds. They involve a certain profanation of the poetic mystery. *The Golden Treasury* and *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, by their "arrangement of the material," instil these ideas into us at our most impressionable age. It is, in fact, one of the most admirable qualities of *Poets of the English Language* that it is unlikely, in quite this sense, to "form the taste" of future generations of schoolboys; it is sufficiently objective and comprehensive to allow them to form their own.

The sophisticated and adult lover of poetry, however, should also welcome these volumes. His attitude is certainly not so rigid as that of the "plain reader" to whom the anthology is primarily addressed. He has been taught, if he reads the modern critics, to regard "the poetical," in either the lyrical or the symbolist sense, as just one element in a good poem; but he has also had, in the last forty years, to adapt himself to a dramatic and bewildering variety of shifts in poetic taste. The most revolutionary decade, from this point of view, was probably that of the First World War. In the theorising of Hulme, and the practice of Pound and Eliot, that decade consciously rejected the whole Romantic, Victorian, Edwardian, and early Georgian tradition. Poetry acquired, for the first time in a hundred years, a radically new theme, the disintegration of metropolitan culture; a new tone of voice, one of polite desperation; and a new structural mode, the apparently casual juxtaposition of disturbing images. This led more widely in the next decade to a taste for compact intricacy in poetry, for Donne, for Hopkins, for the later Yeats. Then in the 1930s Mr. Auden's discovery of the Byron of *Don Juan* and his *Oxford Book of Light Verse* marked a new emphasis, deriving from the Augustans rather than the Metaphysicals, on didactic or satirical lucidity and conversational ease.

Around 1940, there was another reaction, foreshadowed in different ways by the confused richness of the early work of Mr. Dylan Thomas and Mr. George Barker, and by the revived interest of Sidney Keyes's generation at Oxford in the great Romantics. This was a "new romanticism," responding to the disintegration of the time neither with irony nor exhortation but with images dredged from the subconscious, a rather floridly "poetical" vocabulary, and direct if often incoherent emotional protest. Since 1945, this tendency has clarified itself, in the work of Miss Kathleen Raine, and the revived reputation of older poets like Mr. Edwin Muir and Mr. Robert Graves, into the theory of poetry as the expression of what is universally valid in the great myths, through a language of archetypal images. Thus in successive quite short periods readers have been told to look in poetry mainly for ironic complexity, or for topical relevance, or for direct emotion, or for deep symbolism; and to concentrate their attention successively on poets as different as Donne, Dryden, and Blake. The time has certainly come for a more inclusive and less excited view of the English poetic tradition as a whole.

It is this unexcited and inclusive view which *Poets of the English Language* seeks to provide. I found in it, to be honest, remarkably few poems with which I had not already at least a nodding acquaintance; but I found also a clear perspective of the tradition which no other anthology offers. Its inclusiveness can be best illustrated by examples. The medieval volume, besides long extracts from *Troilus and Criseide*, includes *The Second Shepherds' Play* and *Everyman*. The Renaissance volume includes *Anthony and Cleopatra*, twenty pages from *The White Devil*, and a masque by Ben Jonson. The volume devoted to Milton and the Augustan age has sixty pages from *Paradise Lost*, *Samson Agonistes*, both Dr. Johnson's longer poems, and a hundred pages from Pope. In the volume on the Romantics there are twenty pages from *The Prelude* and nearly fifty from *Don Juan*. The Victorian volume gathers up the American along with the English tradition—it offers rather too much, indeed, for our insular tastes, of poets like Lowell and Holmes, who with some skill in versification seem to have had little original to say; and also of poets like Melville and Thoreau whose genius was in their prose, and who with something original to say seem to have had little skill in versification. But it gives a very fair representation of the longer type of Victorian poem: fifteen pages from *In Memoriam*; from Browning, among shorter things, *Waring* and *Bishop Blougram's Apology*; the whole of *The Hunting of the Snark* (which I am wrong, I know, in finding a bit of a bore); sixteen pages from *The City of Dreadful Night* and fifteen from one of Doughty's epics. We are given, in fact, for each period the poems that were important *for* that period. We can look at poetry, while we read, through Medieval, or Renaissance, or Augustan, or Romantic, or Victorian eyes. There is no editorial assumption that in some profound and subtle sense *we* know better.

As in all anthologies, there are things to carp at. I regretted the complete omission of poets like Sir Henry Wotton or Ernest Dowson, who are both extremely minor no doubt, but who do convey in a concentrated fashion the flavour of a period; and of other poets like Denham or Young who have a considerable interest for the literary historian. I regretted the safe, the obvious and, sometimes at least, I would say, the wrong choices from favourite minor poets of mine: Carew's *Ask Me No More* and not his elegy on Donne; Rochester's *Satyr Against Mankind* and none of his sketches of contemporary manners; Lionel Johnson's *Statue of King Charles* and not his *Dark Angel*; Ralegh's *The Lie* and nothing from his wild, beautiful, and mysterious *21st and Last Book of the Ocean to Cynthia*. But then, again, I also occasionally regretted

* *Poets of the English Language*. I: *Langland to Spenser*. II: *Marlowe to Marvell*. III: *Milton to Goldsmith*. IV: *Blake to Poe*. V: *Tennyson to Yeats*. Edited by W. H. AUDEN and NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 15*s*. each volume.

it when obvious choices were *not* made: not, from Lord Herbert of Cherbury, that very uneven and often tedious poet, his famous and splendid *Ode*. I think it possible that Mr. Auden, in so far as he is responsible, moves with less ease in the seventeenth century than in other more settled or less sharply divided periods. He quotes, at least, with obvious relish George Herbert's criticism of the whole Metaphysical mode:

Is all good structure in a winding stair?

Mr. Auden's psychological bias, indeed, may make him think of clever verbal intricacy as often masking a blind inner tangle. As for the Eighteen Nineties, he would be, of course, inclined to dismiss that as a "silly" period, and if the Decadents are to have only token representation Lionel Johnson is the best choice. My carpings are really like a grumble, after a nourishing meal, that there were no olives. And the originality that is sometimes absent in the individual choices is always present in the arrangement. We see Spenser not as a great forerunner but as a great concluder; the last medieval allegorist. We see Milton not as a lonely and awkward eminence in the seventeenth century but as the presiding genius, with his care for poetry as a conscious art, of the century to come. We are left asking ourselves what reputation Yeats would have had—the last pre-Raphaelite or the most distinguished straggler from the Nineties?—if he had died in 1914.

In the introductions, all this material is set in a framework of bold but firm historical generalisation. The generalisations tend to be organised round a typical ideal figure: the "unarmed gentleman" for the Augustans, the "liberal humanist" (and the reactions against him) for the later nineteenth century. The types may never have been exactly exemplified in any individual; the generalisations may need to be qualified; but for the beginner in poetry, as probably for the beginner in any subject, such an approach provides the nucleus around which further knowledge can grow. We have to pretend to ourselves that we know a subject as a whole before we can begin to explore it intelligently in detail. In our own age, the editors rather gloomily see the future of poetry as threatened by a hygienic morality, "hostile to . . . any deviation from the norm." But their own volumes should do much for the wider prestige of poetry both in Great Britain and the United States. These show us that there is no human interest, from the most general to the most private, from the most homely to the most elevated, with which poetry cannot deal. They show us that poetry is the best guide, in any period, to deeper needs and more persistent cares; poetry is not confined to the "poetical" but is as free in its range as man is. I think this is a nobler and more humane idea than Monsieur Maulnier's theory of the poet as practising a sort of irrational magic which sometimes, but very occasionally and quite inexplicably, works. The record of the resilience of man's spirit which these volumes contain should, in the dark days we are passing through, fill us with pride and hope.

G. S. FRASER

RIVER SONG

Not proud to row but glad to glide
Leave the certainties of earth,
Leave the doubts of earth and ride
The dimpled surface of this tide,
Element of Love's own birth.

Cygnets, ducklings do not know
What purpose launches them on glass,
How wide and long the currents flow
In the muddy bed below,
But reflected, unreflecting, pass.

Haphazard as convolvulus
Wind your thoughts, apply your hand,
Like these fluttering flowers trace
Mad patterns on the mirror's face,
Lightly glide and lightly land.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE KON-TIKI DEBATE

American Indians in the Pacific. By THOR HEYERDAHL. *Allen & Unwin*. 70s.

The origin of the Polynesians has been discussed ever since Mendaña sailed from Peru and discovered the Marquesas. That was in 1595; five years ago Mr. Heyerdahl and his companions set out from Callao on an unlikely looking raft that was in fact safer than the Spaniards' caravels—though this comforting knowledge emerged only during the journey. Mr. Heyerdahl explains in passing that he had failed to arouse interest in his theories or a publisher for his early manuscripts and therefore organised the Kon-Tiki Expedition to prove the feasibility of his views on trans-Pacific voyaging. It is heartening to see unbelievers confuted in so dramatic a fashion.

The Polynesians live in islands scattered over the Pacific in a vast triangle stretching from New Zealand to Hawaii and down to Easter Island. In spite of the enormous distances separating the different groups, they all speak dialects of the same language and their material culture is in most important respects homogeneous. When discovered by Europeans they were still in the Stone Age, and though they practised agriculture they had no knowledge of pottery or the wheel. The "shallow" archæology and the evidence from traditional genealogies combine to show that the Polynesians were relatively recent arrivals in the Pacific islands. But where had they come from? To the West lie the islands of Micronesia, Melanesia and Australia, with Indonesia and Asia beyond. To the East lie the Americas.

Mr. Heyerdahl's thesis is that Polynesia was peopled in two great waves, the first of which arrived around 500 A.D. from the high-culture area centred on what is now Peru. These early occupants, whom we may call the Early Polynesians, came to uninhabited islands and were followed rather over five hundred years later by a second wave. This was formed by the Maori-Polynesians who in Mr. Heyerdahl's view came from the north-west coast of North America and spread out via Hawaii, conquering New Zealand in the fourteenth century.

This theory runs counter to the generally accepted view that Polynesia was peopled from Asia. There are indeed certain elements—breadfruit and the pig, for example—which were known in both Asia and Polynesia but unknown in the Americas. In such cases Mr. Heyerdahl postulates "relaying" from Melanesia by a series of shorter inter-island voyages made by Polynesians. He would also expect some basic similarities between Asia, America and Polynesia, since America was in the first place undoubtedly peopled from Asia.

Mr. Heyerdahl insists on certain essential changes of perspective. We tend, he points out, to think of ancient America as entirely passive—the continent that was discovered by Leiv Eiriksson and Columbus. In the same way, if we find a plant like the sweet-potato in both Polynesia and America, we immediately wonder how the Polynesians could have taken it to the Americas; we give scant consideration to the possibility of transfer in the opposite direction. But, says Mr. Heyerdahl "there were men of action in Peru long before the coming of Pizarro and European culture." Moreover, he stresses that the American high cultures are ancient and long antedate the arrival of the Polynesians in the Pacific. In this view he is supported by the weight of achæological evidence and by the first available results of radio-carbon analyses. By this new method cultivated cotton in Peru is placed well before 1,000 B.C. and since cotton of the New World domesticated group (with twenty-six chromosomes) was found in Polynesia by the first European discoverers, it follows that it must have been taken from America to Polynesia and not the other way round. The only possible modification of this conclusion, made by those who hold an Asiatic origin for the Polynesians, is that some of them visited America and collected the plant there. In estimating this possibility, we come to a second major concept in Mr. Heyerdahl's work.

The distance between Callao and the Tuamotu Archipelago is well over 4,000 nautical miles but in making this journey the *Kon-Tiki* moved through less than 3,000 miles of water. The difference is accounted for by ocean currents—the water itself was also journeying westwards. If the raft had been travelling eastwards, moving more slowly because of contrary winds, the actual travelling distance would have been roughly double. The distinction between "upstream" and "downstream" voyages is thus extremely important, and all the migration routes proposed by Mr. Heyerdahl are favoured by both wind and moving water. He convincingly shows that all likely migration routes from Asia to Polynesia, or from Polynesia to America, would be in the teeth of wind or sea. This is a weighty consideration that must always be borne in mind in assessing migration theories. It does not, however, amount to a statement that up-wind voyages are impossible in "primitive" craft. Mr. Heyerdahl now believes that with a skilled manipulation of the centre-boards it is possible for a balsa raft like the *Kon-Tiki* to tack into the wind, and he shows that some canoes visited Hawaii (from Central Polynesia), running directly counter to their initial postulated route. But this is a very different matter from a long-distance migration of people, which he considers highly unlikely in an "upstream" direction.

It will be seen that Mr. Heyerdahl has a substantial case. Definite proof is rare in ethnology but the cumulative effect of his evidence is to show the overwhelming probability that certain culture traits found in Polynesia were derived from the Americas. It is, however, a different matter if we ask whether his whole construction of Polynesian origins is likely to stand. This is difficult to estimate, because the evidence he provides is of very unequal value. His chapter on botanical evidence, for example, is very strong but certain other sections are much less convincing. In drawing parallels between the North-West Coast Indians and the Polynesians he refers to their like mental traits, and contrasts them with the "morose and reserved Malays." Even granting the facts—which some will not—such evidence has no validity whatsoever in a discussion of origins and is best omitted. Next, the book would have been still more valuable if Mr. Heyerdahl had, wherever possible, provided distribution maps for the main elements he discusses; this would give us more control over his arguments. It must be added that in places Mr. Heyerdahl unconsciously fails to maintain a strict uniformity of reasoning. Pottery is ancient in both Indonesia and Peru, unlike Polynesia where not even traces of it are found. Mr. Heyerdahl takes this to rule out an Indonesian origin of the Maori-Polynesians, but by similar reasoning it should also rule out his suggested Peruvian origin of the Early Polynesians.

But whatever the fate of Mr. Heyerdahl's construction of Polynesian origins, he has put the question on a wider basis and his book (which is lucidly written and magnificently illustrated) will give rise to fruitful discussions.

DEREK POOLE

Faces of Violence

MA-RAI-EE was the Japanese name for Malaya, and *Ma-rai-ee* is the title given to his novel by Chin Kee Onn, a Malayan-Chinese who has a better style and command of our language than most English writers to-day. In a grim yet inspiring story Mr Chin shows what "Co-Prosperity" was really like for a non-Japanese Asian people—and he provides an unforgettable picture of the ordeals and exploits of the guerillas.

It is said that while a colonel knows nothing a general isn't even aware there's anything to know. However true this may be, it is refreshing to have a book of military memoirs from a ranker. Sergeant Robert O. Holles, a Regular, served with the Gloucesters in Korea throughout their now-historic action, and he shows remarkable descriptive power in his portrayal of the terrain, the merciless plight of the civilians, and of life and death for British soldiers, in *Now Thrive the Armourers*.

The American admiral—unlike the American general—is more talked about than known in Britain. Rear-Admiral Daniel V. Gallery is a very forceful (and sometimes rabelaisian) representative of the species. His salty, full-blooded account of adventures at sea during the Battle of the Atlantic, *Clear the Decks!*, will hardly upset anyone over here, but his philosophical attitude towards war, and his views on dealings with Communists, will probably cause considerable blood-pressure in some quarters.

Turning from military to "civil" violence, we have a new edition of F. Tennyson Jesse's classic analysis, *Murder and its Motives*. The long, vital Introduction has been revised and expanded fourfold, while the same six exemplary murder-cases have been retained in their entirety.

A parade of violent men and women passes through the pages of *Assize Pageant*, in which W. Lloyd Woodland sets forth his observations of the perpetual drama he has witnessed and reported during some forty years as official shorthand-writer at the Hampshire Assizes. New light is shed on famous cases, and many obscure cases are brought out of the gloom.

Ma-rai-ee (*Oct. 27th*, 12/6) *Clear the Decks! (*Sept. 25th*, 12/6)
Assize Pageant (*Nov., approx.* 12/6) Murder and its Motives (*Oct. 27th*, 12/6)
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JONATHAN CAPE

FOR PRINCES AND GENTLEMEN

Poets on Fortune's Hill: Studies in Sidney, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher. By JOHN F. DANBY. *Faber.* 18s.

Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear. . . . But Shakespeare never died and cannot be disinterred; it is his commentators who have had the burying of him. Sidney is different. If his legend lives, together with a few sonnets, a couple of letters and the *Apologie for Poetry*, the *Arcadia* is surely a tombstone that can speak only of its author's mortality—a work lately pronounced by Mr. T. S. Eliot to be monumentally dull, and formerly damned by Hazlitt, a livelier critic. Yet the dust of this outmoded romance can, it appears, be stirred; the bones, moved into place in the rapidly enlarging Museum of Elizabethan Cultural History, may live again after all. In the present group of studies Mr. Danby does not get very far with Shakespeare—does no more indeed than a little alter the outline of the current tumulus—but with Sidney he has a decided success. He will send readers to the *Arcadia*—and they will there find what he promises them. It is true that they will find a great deal else as well. But then estate-agents, justly drawing into prominence a wealth of old beams, are not required to dwell upon impracticable attics and oppressively labyrinthine offices.

The *Arcadia* begins with shipwreck—shipwreck upon a sea, as Mr. Danby says, "gravely and appropriately moralised." For here is a highly serious work, instructive to princes and gentlemen "in prosperity and adversity, limning out exact pictures of every posture of the mind." The setting indeed is extravagant; to shipwreck are added pirates and oracles, evil queens and disguised maidens, miraculous salves, revelatory birthmarks and marauding bears. Nevertheless Magnanimity, Virtue, Fortune, Patience are the book's real themes. Pyrocles, falling in love with a portrait of the Princess Philoclea, disguises himself as an Amazon in order to insinuate himself into the household of her father, King Basilius—but not before his mooning around has enabled Musidorus to engage him in a long debate upon the comparative merits of the active and the contemplative life. As princes and gentlemen we are learning all the time, and if we judge the Amazon-business frivolous Mr. Danby can rebuke us at once: are we not being shown that "man is capable of a synthesis of qualities that includes the womanly yet avoids the hermaphroditic?" But when Pyrocles becomes, as a woman, the object of the King's passion and, as a man, the object of the Queen's, and when his Princess adores him either way? No doubt we are a little puzzled. "Still, Sidney seems to have been sure of the distinctions he was making, and clear as to what his design should convey." It is a clarity which former princes and gentlemen presumably shared.

Yet Mr. Danby is undoubtedly right, and the *Arcadia* one of the most deeply considered and inward works of its age. Even its seemingly most random incidents are planned *exempla*, necessary parts of the map Sidney is constructing. Unfortunately, even when we have realised this, the book remains dull. Shakespeare's book, when it too is revealed by the learned as earnestly edifying, remains lively. Why is Shakespeare still so exciting over large parts of his work, while Sidney is correspondingly boring? Mr. Danby does not address himself to this problem, but he gives us a clue.

Sidney comes out of the top drawer, is on the very summit of Fortune's Hill; Fulke Greville (like Mrs. Miniver) is top drawer but one; Spenser is from a lower drawer and his poetry suffers from it: "For Sidney . . . poetry was truth, whereas for Spenser poetry was prestige." And Shakespeare? Coming to town from a country grammar-school, he can scarcely be spoken of as having a drawer at all. And he too is one whose work is conditioned by his status:

> It is only when we see Amphialus [a Machiavellian character in the *Arcadia*] that we can appreciate how raw an Elizabethan Shakespeare is—how distant he is from education in the real world of revolt and dynastic strain which Sidney knew from the inside. . . . Where Shakespeare expresses an Elizabethan humanity, Sidney expresses an Elizabethan education—and the disadvantages are not always with education.

No indeed—but then again sometimes they are. The *Arcadia*, as Mr. Danby explains to us, is Great House literature. It is cultivated, even no doubt disinterested, as Shakespeare's is not. But the Great House audience, if bored, doesn't throw bitten apples; it doesn't even rise and walk out. It listens with an extra graciousness and perhaps decides to accept invitations less frequently in future. Sidney's is the rarer air, but the softer climate. Shakespeare absorbs us today because he was a genius who, some centuries ago, had to absorb or starve. And when Sidney bores us it is because Great Houses are boring.

J. I. M. STEWART

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THE GILT-EDGED CHEMIST

The Alchemists. By F. SHERWOOD TAYLOR. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

Dr. Johnson's complaint that early authors were all too little understood because they were "read alone", with no accompanying investigation of contemporary culture, is no longer generally valid. Yet alchemy, though its terminology was once as commonplace to the educated as that of atomic physics today, and its doctrines and symbolism were rich in metaphorical suggestions and cosmic and psychological implications, still remains a conspicuously unfamiliar and neglected body of thought. Conjecture proliferates around Hamlet's challenge "Woo't drink up eisel?" puzzling since "the proposition is not very grand"; yet, although the crocodile of the succeeding phrase was almost a trade-sign of the Elizabethan apothecary, no one has ever suggested that alchemical "vinegar" could mean the deadly solvent (nitro-hydrochloric acid) used to "dour" —or dissolve—the noble substance, gold, in the initial stages of transmutation.

The historian of science has been little better served than the student of literature. Bulky pioneer works, still often invaluable, were produced in the nineteenth century by Schmieder, Figuier, Kopp, Berthelot, and others. Leaving aside the arcane effusions of the modern adepts, intended for initiates only, two approaches to alchemy still hold the field. Each, in its own way, is unsatisfactory. The popular treatment retails stories of the alchemists, often merely as sensational or amusing examples of antique folly and superstition, allowing ample opportunities for facile and self-satisfied irony. The other approach is more serious. It ransacks the texts for such isolated details as modern chemistry regards as correct or important. Though such details are interesting, when wrenched from their setting they are misleading indications of scientific progress. Scientific "fact" only acquires meaning within some context of theory, through which it is viewed, but any general study of the central concepts or "analogies" of alchemy—such as Hélène Metzger has provided for seventeenth-century chemistry—is still lacking.

If alchemical writings have been neglected or treated as dustheaps concealing the occasional gem, it is partly because of their pronounced religious tenor. They taught a spiritual discipline as well as a technique of physical experiment. These ends were inseparably fused and by modern standards the character of alchemy as an empirical science suffered. The indefinite repetition, with undiminished confidence, of identical and unsuccessful experiments, was one result of this fusion, since past failures could be attributed to the unsatisfactory spiritual condition of the operator. The ruin of Subtle's projection because of Sir Epicure Mammon's unfortunate lapse with Doll Common is only one instance of Norton's fourteenth-century warning:

> Truly such places where lechery is used
> Must for this purpose be utterly refused.

Dr. Sherwood Taylor properly insists that the alchemists were trying to take into account aspects of mind and nature that have no place in later exact science, and he includes brief though excellent chapters on their symbolism and the Hermetic philosophy. Nevertheless, owing perhaps to his admiration for other features of its endeavour, he does not emphasise the way in which alchemy, describing a spiritual resurrection and ascent to God without the interposition of Grace administered through the Church, appeared to orthodox thinkers, as Lenoble observes, strongly to resemble "*une contre-Eglise*".

Dr. Sherwood Taylor starts from the belief that the alchemists "were men of intelligence and seekers after the truth", performing real experiments with well-designed apparatus. He exhibits the actual chemistry underlying their intentionally obscure or misleading descriptions, and examines this in the light of the alchemist's own theories of nature. The history of alchemy is traced from ancient Egypt to the sixteenth century, with copious translations from the original texts and a wealth of illustration. The abundance of material and the compactness of presentation are remarkable, though the vast scope of the subject renders over-simplification and omission inevitable, and it is perhaps a pity that theoretical aspects, some of them of historical importance, should suffer most. Alchemy is considered as universally based on the doctrine of "perfecting" metals, of which gold was, as it were, the Aristotelian entelechy. Thus, the writer barely mentions Al Jabir's numerological approach. This was an early but striking example of a "Pythagoreanising" tradition that later did much to introduce quantitative methods into chemistry.

Alchemy is here presented as technically continuous with later science, which otherwise broke away from it by abandoning the aim of gold-making. (Yet Humphrey Davy could still publicly assert the possibility of this in the nineteenth century!) Consequently, nothing is said of the

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corpuscular alchemy of Boyle,—who secured the repeal of the act against "multipliers of metals"—or of Newton, whose papers in the Portsmouth collection contain more than half a million words on the subject. Yet their theories are important not only as reflections of the science of their own day, but as a stage in tradition of "geometrical atomism" running back to the physicists of Alexandria, and ultimately to Plato's *Timaeus*; while Soviet academician Vavilov has recently declared that the picture of the structure of matter on which Newton's alchemy was based is "remarkable for its profundity, foresight and correctness".

But all such criticisms must seem ungrateful measured against Dr. Sherwood Taylor's achievement. His book will not only be valued by the student; it will lay open what will probably be almost a new world to the general reader. Few books, especially when as short as this, can claim to be so comprehensive, detailed and original; and very few, of comparable excellence, are today both so well produced and so moderately priced.

I. R. F. CALDER

WHEN DESTINY KNOCKS

Mr. President. Edited by WILLIAM HILLMAN. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

America's Man of Destiny. By KEVIN MCCANN. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

U.S.A. The Permanent Revolution. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

These are three books about Destiny. The first, which consists mainly of extracts from Mr. Truman's diaries and letters, tries to explain how a man feels after Destiny has knocked and been admitted. The second, yet another campaign biography of Mr. Eisenhower, written this time by the General's personal assistant from 1946 to 1951, is a catalogue of reasons why Destiny should be sounding a regular reveille of knocks on the General's door. And the third is, effort by the Editors of *Fortune* to show that America is indeed Destiny's Own Country—a conviction that enables the authors, in their own words, to present "the U.S.A. in terms so glowing as to be offensive to foreign ears."

Mr. Hillman's compendium of Trumaniana is the most entertaining and revealing of the three books. It is rare to be given a glimpse of the mind of an incumbent ruler, and though personal tact and politics combine to censor much that would be fascinating, enough remains for the reader to feel that he has spent an evening or two in the White House. The best compliment that one can pay to Mr. Hillman's book, in fact, is to say that if one *were* suddenly cast into the President's company, it would not be difficult to take up the conversation where Mr. Hillman left off. For the President seems very willing to air his reflections on the great generals of the ancient and modern worlds, or to tell how it feels for a modest, conventional and unimaginative man to shoulder such vast duties, or even, if he takes to you, sit down to play a little Chopin or a hand of poker. Because his life is lived on the level of great platitudes, he can take everything in his stride. On September 11, 1948, he noted in his diary:

> Spend a most pleasant day talking about world affairs, western trip, speeches, prima donnas in government, etc.

Two days later, the entry reads:

> Have a terrific day.
> Forrestal, Bradley, Vandenberg (the General, not the Senator) Symington brief me on bases, bombs, Moscow, Leningrad, etc. I have a terrible feeling afterward that we are very close to war. I hope not.

Mr. Truman, however, has two gifts—he is forthright and he has courage—and these rescue him from the curse of dullness. General Eisenhower, on the contrary, seems to have the makings of a great public bore. Privately, no doubt, he is the most charming of men, but a diet of his own speeches and of the output of his encomiasts soon leads to a surfeit. Mr. McCann mulls over the essential facts, seasons them with some of the General's own observations on the world, and gives us a dry and almost wholly uninformative biography. Unless the campaign propagandists can do better than this, the General will have to rely entirely on his smile.

The most extraordinary thing about *The Permanent Revolution* is its verbal similarity to the New Fabianism. There are some passages, indeed, which suggest that some of *Fortune's* editorial staff were permitted to eavesdrop on the group which has just published the *New Fabian Essays*. For it seems that American capitalism has changed its nature in just the same way as some of the Fabian group believe that our capitalism has changed. True, they call Britain a "post-capitalist" society, while *Fortune* calls its American counterpart "popular capitalism." But much the same arguments are used to support the claim. Beyond this, however, the paths diverge. This book is a slick attempt to make capitalism palatable. It employs an old Luce device. By using "progressive" phraseology, it is easy to prove by definition that a society has become "progressive." And where it is hard to make this label stick, the trick is accomplished by insisting that the march of time has outdated the old "progressive" concepts, and that only old fogies still cling to their outdated analysis.

Even the authors of this book are a little self-conscious about their nauseating self-satisfaction. The odour of righteousness is so overpowering that one is not able to take in much else, even though parts of the argument would otherwise be at least stimulating to debate. What really gives the game away, however, is the chapter on Labour. After applauding the American unions for "making the worker to an amazing degree a middle-class member of a middle-class society"—the result of "business unionism"—this book solemnly declares that the "one major discord in the harmony of the American Proposition" is the lingering doubt whether the industrial worker, after all, has been safely "deproletarianised." *Fortune* is anxious because "there undoubtedly runs a powerful undercurrent of hostility to management and to enterprise, to competitive economy and to profits, throughout the American working-class." The remedy? "Only a positive acceptance of the American Proposition . . . will make the union an instrument for the worker's responsible citizenship in capitalist society."

But what is this great American Proposition? It is our old friend Manifest Destiny. Guided, in the phrase of John Adams, by a "grand scheme and design in Providence," the United States must come forward with the "original thinking and action that must lead to an American peace." The first step towards this must be the absorption of Canada, Britain and Western Europe into a vast "new super-market." Knock, Knock. Who's there? The American Century, by courtesy of the publishers of *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NEW NOVELS

Men at Arms. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman & Hall.* 15*s.*

Museum Pieces. By WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Waugh is the most English of satirists. However contrary, however much below form, any new novel from his pen is bound to add immeasurably to the gaiety of his own nation. His new book fulfils all Chalky White's expectations. We can imagine those old eyes watering gleefully as Mr. Gutteridge describes each salty character and incident. As a novel, *Men at Arms* is not nearly as good as *Put Out More Flags*. As a "novel of military life," it is uproariously and unflaggingly funny.

Though they have been heavily curtailed, most of the writer's newer and more irritating mannerisms are here fleetingly in one form or another. There is the huge prep school conspiracy of the faithful, that seeming wish to depict Mother Church as one Big Dorm and her mysteries as so much sacred larking. We know from his Life of Edmund Campion that Mr. Waugh's real con-

victions are held on a very different level. Why, then, must his characters be forever splashing each other with holy water?

> "Mass is at eight," said Angela. . . . ."
> "Oh I say, isn't there something later? I was looking forward to a long lie."
> "I thought we might all go to communion tomorrow. Do come, Tony."
> "All right, Mum, of course I will. Only make it twenty-five-to in that case. I shall have to go to scrape after weeks of wickedness."

And there are flashes of the old *saeva indignatio*. The Ensa party contains a "neuter beast of indeterminate origin" and there are three prearranged blackballs waiting for the unpukka Air Vice-Marshal when his name goes up on the club notice-board. Towards the end of the book there is more than a hint of the physical cruelty with which Mr. Waugh inevitably hunts down his favourite characters.

Yet, on the whole, *Men at Arms* is good-tempered Waugh—and therefore Waugh at his second best. Compared with *Scott-King's Modern Europe* or with *The Loved One*, it might have been written by the Cheeryble Brothers. Like every satirist at a loss for prey, the writer has made a temporary excursus into Myth. Mr. Waugh's myth (he could have, and has, chosen a great many worse ones) is the English regimental tradition in 1940. Guy Crouchback, a middle-aged exile, returning to England and joining a crack regiment, the Halberdiers, is quick to sense the professional leaven working in the voluntary lump.

> Guy's companions . . . had been chosen . . . from more than two thousand applicants. He wondered, sometimes, what system of selection had produced so nondescript a squad. Later he realized that they typified the peculiar pride of the Corps, which did not expect distinguished raw materials but confided instead in its age-old methods of transformation. The discipline of the square, the traditions of the mess, would work their magic and the *esprit de corps* would fall like blessed unction from above.

We are back on the box seat of the holiday brake, "takin' time," from Uncle Stalky:

> "It's a way we have in the Army,
> It's a way we have in the Navy,
> It's a way we have in the Public Schools,
> Which nobody can deny!"

How alike, despite their divergent loyalties, Kipling and Mr. Waugh are! Their great gifts spring from a common fountain-head of anger. Kipling the non-sahib glorifying the sahibs and trouncing the lesser breeds because of a dark unhappy childhood, Mr. Waugh playing the Catholic Bayard and breaking his neuter beasts' backs with pack-drill on the barrack-square because of—what? Perhaps because the lush Arcadia that was once Brideshead has "become submerged and obliterated, irrecoverable as Lyoness, so quickly have the waters come flooding in." Though the reasons for their anger and ferocious self-pity may escape us, it is these traits that have made both men great, though uneven, writers. Their common impulse springs not from James's "madness of art" but from the madness of the great artist who is also a great hater.

Here, for the space of one book at least, Mr. Waugh has his hates on a leash. He is content to give us the humours of military training, ringing the changes on P.T., King's Regulations, rifle-practice and the rest. The "biffing" one-eyed Brigadier, the preposterous Apthorpe and his more preposterous "thunder-box," the tough platoon sergeants and fatherly adjutant—all have been conceived with affection and understanding. At only one point—the chapter describing Guy's attempt to win back his divorced wife during a week-end at Claridge's—does Mr. Waugh strike a false note. He has realised, better and more bitterly than any of his contemporaries, the grey predicament of secular marriage in the twentieth century. Yet in this book all that was poignant in *A Handful of Dust* has turned to rhodomontade. The episode reads like a scene from some shabby and tasteless bedroom farce.

For the rest, I can only say I have enjoyed Mr. Waugh's new book as richly as I have enjoyed all his others. At his worst, he writes ten times as amusingly as anyone else and his affectations, whether they take the form of priest-holes or Bollinger, mess silver or medal ribbons, are matched by his gifts. As Edmund Wilson declared, "his snobbery carries us with it."

Mr. Plomer's snobbery, though of a more complicated kind, is equally persuasive. This tale of two Edwardian "left-overs" is a beautiful piece of tragi-comedy: its echoes will remain long after more pretentious fiction is forgotten. Toby d'Arfey and his mother are relics who have survived into the Thirties. Impulsive, generous, witty, affected, they stand on their rentier sand-castles, passively awaiting the tide that will wash them into oblivion. Their creator rightly discloses them through their "properties"—a restored Rembrandt, a console table, a live lobster-claw. Toby is an old man's child, prematurely bald, with great eyes like a stag's; he is sensitive and warm-hearted; he has the far-seeing disenchantment of one who knows that history has written his death-warrant.

When we first meet Toby he is a jaded young man of thirty, a Des Esseintes set down in S.W.7., with all the nonsense of Huysmans's hero and none of the fun. We are sure we shall dislike him extremely: we are not very certain that we are going to like Mr. Plomer's novel. There is no mystery, no discretion about Toby and Mrs. Mountfaucon; one misses the elaboration and detachment in which a writer like Mr. Anthony Powell, say, would have swathed their characters. Mr. Plomer appears to be throwing them at us without a word of introduction. The narrator, a young widow, seems smug and a bit of a puss.

It takes us about fifty pages to accept Toby and his mother. After that, Mr. Plomer's book becomes a triumph. It is witty, stylish, supremely entertaining and it has a wonderfully elegiac centre. How strange it was, that Chelsea-Kensington-Knightsbridge world of the Thirties with its clusters of sensitive young men living comfortably from hand to mouth, often for years on end. And the women, the Letty Tracys, Lilian Delaps, and Butterball Evanses, writing, sculpting, dress-making a little, or running the small tea-shop round the corner. An urban Tchekovia bounded by Wilton Place to the east and Warwick Avenue to the west, dipping away towards Bayswater, curving with the line of the Chelsea Embankment. A serendipitous, muddled, happy-go-lucky society, far more unworldly than our own since it conceived of ambition as the grossest of vices. A lost world whose dissolution Mr. Plomer has reflected magnificently through the huge sad eyes of Toby d'Arfey.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Bibliography of the Works of Max Beerbohm. By A. E. GALLATIN and L. M. OLIVER. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s.*

Picking up this beautifully produced book, with its buckram boards and large, creamy pages, you may wonder how the writer of so exquisitely little can become the cause of so imposing a bibliography. Is the whole thing, perhaps, an elaborate joke by Max himself? Are Gallatin and Oliver figments like Maltby and Braxton? And when we read the following description of the first edition of *A Christmas Garland* "(A)⁴, B-N⁸, O⁴ . . . gatherings B-N signed on first two leaves. Pp.: (i)-(viii), (1)-(200)" the book seems to have inspired a parody of the bibliographer's expertise. But Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Oliver, who do exist and are American, do not compose only in higher mathematics. "An amusing error" they write in their description of a collection of the cartoons, "occurs in Plates 3 and 6, where in the printed captions Max's "*See Contemporary Historians, passim*" has been reproduced as "*See Contemporary Historian's passion.*"

For the non-bibliographer the main interest of this book will probably be the hope of discovering some morsel of Sir Max's *œuvre* which has escaped a general circulation. Unfortunately, there are few such surprises. An essay called *A Peep into the Past* was

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published privately and without authority in America and seems to have appeared nowhere else. A memoir of Herbert Beerbohm Tree called *From a Brother's Standpoint* appeared in a memorial volume and has not been reprinted. The imaginary description of the occasion when Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy entertained the Prince of Wales to lunch at Max Gate in 1923 has great possibilities, and so has the *Reminiscence of Sherlock Holmes*, written in 1905.

Anthology of Modern French Poetry. By C. A. HACKETT. *Blackwell.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The French, unlike ourselves, began writing modern poetry before it was nearly too late, at a time when the disintegrating forces of history could still be grasped in their totality by a single imagination. In the nineteenth century we had no Baudelaire, and therefore no Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarmé: Hopkins is our only pre-twentieth century poet who can be called modern. On the other hand, we have several living champions—one thinks first of Eliot and Auden—of greater unifying power than any French poet now writing. The younger French, no less than the younger English, seem to swim across a historical Hellespont that is stronger than themselves.

Mr. Hackett's remarkable anthology, almost the first of its kind compares in aims, scope and authority with the *Faber Book of Modern Verse*. Such a choice is, in itself, an illuminating act of criticism. The purpose is not to amass a golden treasury of "best poems" but to display each poet at his most characteristic; Mr. Hackett is interested in the writers of this revolutionary period not as mirrors of an ideal beauty, but as innovators and explorers. "Poetry, however we may classify it," he says, "remains the expression of a unique sensibility." He would deny the Surrealist maxim. "Poetry must be made by all, not by one," and affirm Mallarmé's "I abominate Schools . . . I am a solitary." He presents work by 39 poets, 19 of whom are still living and developing. His appendix of biographical, critical and explanatory notes is stimulating, definitive and encyclopaedic; though, assessing them as he rightly does by the touchstone of their superiors, he allows himself to seem less than just to such important poets of the second rank as Lautréamont, Jammes, Jarry, Apollinaire, and MM. Aragon and Prévert. He regrettably omits Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Verhaeren, Samain, Gide and Signoret, and laudably resurrects the over-neglected Cros and Toulet. This work will no doubt be adopted as a textbook by the universities, and should incite the general reader to become a special reader; it is one of the most original and valuable of all modern anthologies.

An Angler's Entomology. By J. R. HARRIS. *Collins.* 25*s.*

This, the latest volume in the excellent "New Naturalist" series, has an interest which is more than usually specialist. Mr. Harris, who is an angler as well as a demonstrator in limnology at Trinity College, Dublin, has produced an exhaustive and authoritative study of all the insects on which British sporting fish prey; and, with the aid of an admirable set of colour plates, he has done his best to ensure that when fishermen chat about the flies that fish were taking they really know what they are talking about.

How far this entomology is of practical assistance to anglers is a matter of opinion. Most dry-fly fishermen would agree that a big factor in success is the imitation of accurately observed species on the water; but when it comes to wet flies and, above all, loch fishing, trout have odd tastes, queer appetites and, one suspects, insatiable curiosity. Sometimes they will take an artificial fly which does not imitate any living insect in the fish's personal experience. For example, *Rhithrogena haarupi*—in other words the good old March Brown—according to Mr. Harris's distribution maps, does not occur in the northern Highlands. Yet it often does well on Sutherland lochs. Why?

The South of France. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. *Macdonald.* 15*s.*

Mr. Goldring's dust-cover, on which a lady in topless white tulle sits elegantly behind a champagne bucket, promises much; but once inside it becomes clear that the author is not going to stand any nonsense. We approach the coast not by the Blue Train but by way of Avignon, Petrarch and Laura, Tartarin de Tarascon and a good many archaeological references—Aigues Mortes, we learn with no surprise, is derived from *aquae mortuae*. Mr. Goldring does not actually tell us that flamingoes have been known to nest in the Camargue but he tells us everything else about Provence that we already know, leaning heavily on garlic, bouillabaisse and the mistral.

Cannes, on the other hand is interesting mainly for the potholes in its streets and the inadequacy of its drains—Mr. Goldring reprints an elegy on these matters which he wrote 20 years ago. And Vallauris, that enchanting community of craftsmen animated by an Athenian joy in beauty, is dismissed in four lines as "the home of the millionaire Communist, Picasso." By the time we are allowed to reach Vence we do not expect any mention of Matisse. In fact, we are ready to catch the next train home. The sun has gone in, the mistral is blowing chill, and the cafés are not serving anything but Fernet Branca. Closing Mr. Goldring's book, we long for the artless gaiety of Bexhill-sur-Mer.

WAR ON WANT: Rt. Hon. HAROLD Wilson, M.P., at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, on Monday, Sep. 22 at 7.30 for the Association for World Peace.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,178

Set by Flavus

It is reported that General MacArthur has become chairman and chief travelling representative—at a five-figure salary—of a firm of office-machinery makers. The usual prizes are offered for a letter of application, not exceeding 150 words, for a suitably remunerative post in any well-known firm from one of the following public figures: Trotsky, T. E. Lawrence, Mr. Attlee, Lloyd George, Julius Cæsar, General de Gaulle, Sir Pelham Warner, or the Duke of Wellington.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,175

Set by Fred Oyster

Imagine that the postcard was introduced into England with the potato, and the G.B.S.'s passion for it was shared by Pope, Shakespeare, Swift, Blake, De Quincey, Jane Austen, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Wilde, Marvell. The usual prizes are offered for the best postcard of not more than 100 words each from any two of these. The occasion or recipient may be briefly indicated.

Report by Fred Oyster

Of the ten, Johnson had obviously the talent of the aggressive postcard, Sterne of the slyly disreputable, Blake of the apocalyptic: the rest were put in for the sake of incongruity; thus giving competitors the chance of one entry straight and one fancy. Only Johnson caught the imagination of more than a few; slaps through the post came so easily in his case that something more than a Johnsonian wuff-wuff was expected. Before coming to the prize-winners, here are a few postcards whose senders failed to provide an adequate second:

William Shakespeare to the scrivener who drew up his Will

To remedie the seeming omission add the gyft of my second best bed with the furniture.—W.S.
M.M.M.

William Blake to his brother

I am persuaded upon further consideration of Monday's dispute when I obliged my Wife to kneel and beg your forgiveness that the Fault, as indeed you declared at the time, was rather yours than hers. However, such an act of Contrition can but have done her good, as she admits with much Cheerfulness, and to convince you that she bears you no ill will, if convincing you need, she begs that you will accept of the Hare we send by Carrier, one of two bestowed upon us by that admirable Angel, Mr. Hayley.

My Wife joins me in Love,
Yours affectionately,
W. Blake
JENNY FETHERSTON

And now for the pairs. Between R. Tuck Pook, Frank Dunnill, and D. L. L. Clarke. I can find little to choose and recommend that they share the prizes equally. Joyce Taylor and J. R. Till were close runners-up.

Shakespeare and Wilde

Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear!
This were a thoughtless deed, nor fair
To tax my quill with labour more
Than I was compassed with before.

If your dim vision have not seen
What "mobled" or what "miching" mean
'Tis not my task to hold the lamp—
And curst be he that sends no stamp.
W. Shakespeare

Dear Aunt, No—you are not the original of Lady Bracknell. If you had been I should have conceived it my duty to murder you long ago. No gorgon should be permitted to perpetuate the species, and propagation is the cheapest hobby of the over-taxed.
Your affectionate nephew, Oscar Wilde
R. TUCK POOK

Sterne and Marvell

You may well ask, my dear Bishop—and should be answered, though my benefice stood forfeit—what inlet or promontary personal to the fair fille-de-chambre I strayed upon thus at the end of my journey. But that bye and bye. Let me first hasten to confess that, whatever affectation of coldness may be proper

in a mere man of letters, I had no recourse, as a man of sentiment, but to take the poor creature forthwith into my protection. Whereupon, her mistress enquiring what she did, the girl pertly replied, with somewhat less truth than Madame de Rambouillet—Rien que p . . . . .r. Upon my soul, L.S.

Hull, September, 1676

Thy summons, Dorinda, finds me rooted here like some old apple tree, placid as a winter carp, tame as a falcon that will stoop no more, over-reached not by time nor yet infirmity but by satiety, a subtler foe that would not let me stir hence for a King—no, nor yet for a Goddess. For my roughest passion now is to contemplate the bees, my deepest plot to garner my orchard, and the time cometh when I, depraved wretch, must attend my Maker, and thou most immaculate of virgins, must try conclusions with the worms! A.M. FRANK DUNNILL

Johnson and Pope (to each other)

Sir, My high regard for your poetic powers must be apparent to you from the grateful labours I undertook while at Oxford, in doing into Latin verse your *Messiah*. I write, therefore, in no carping spirit to inquire if the lines,

Can sins of moment claim the rod
Of everlasting fires?

(allegedly excerpted from your noble "Universal Prayer") are indeed of your composing. For 1, is not the expression "sins of moment" faulty, the import required being "momentary" rather than "momentous?" 2, I cannot conceive of a *rod* of fires, save as an excessively strained metaphor. Sam Johnson

To Sam Johnson, Esq.

Young Sir, whose Pen with limping Foot essay'd
To *mold* my labour's Fruit, too far you've strayed.
Behold! The fledgling Swan who *London* wrote,
Turn'd *cynick*, *dashes off* a jarring Note.
The budding Flow'r now *dons* the Critick's Mask,
A moment's *peccadillo* takes to task.
A *momentary* Lapse it was I pean'd:
By *castigating* it, 'tis you offend.
Momentous grown, your Molehill I *root out*:
The Poet's Faith may Mountains even *flout*.
And if you cannot *stomach* fiery Rods,
Pope's pow'rs rebuke, but not all-potent GOD'S!
A.P.

(Note: for the quotation, v. Oxford *Life of Johnson*, ii,262). D. L. L. CLARKE

CHESS: Queens Not So Queenly

No. 15

We like our queens (on the chessboard) arrogantly to put themselves in jeopardy, we stand in awe when seeing them offer their own supreme sacrifice for the greater glory of their king, but our thrill if less awesome is more pleasurable when the precious offer is really a taunt and a mockery; to put it in chess parlance, we like to see a Q *en prise* and yet taboo. This is what happened in a recent Italian tournament game, Mondaini-Millin; but alas, the glorious achievement of leaving the Q *en prise* for five moves came to an unglorious end, a bitter lesson on the danger of playing with fire. Here is the game.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(9) Q-R4	B-Q2
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(10) P x P	Q x BP
(3)	B-B4	P-B4	(11) Q-KB4	Q-K2
(4)	P-K3	P-K3	(12) Q-Kt5	P-KR3
(5)	QKt-Q2	Kt-QB3	(13) B-Kt5	Kt-QKt5!
(6)	P-B3	B-Q3	(14) P x Kt	B x B
(7)	B-Kt3	B x B	(15) Kt-K5?	R-QB1
(8)	RP x B	Q-Q3	(16) P-R4	Q-B2!

White resigned a few moves later. He should have played (15) R-QB1, but as it happened the mating threat on QB1 put his Q in a real quandary. A similar fate, of course, has punished many a greedy queen guilty of injudicious pawn-snatching. Here—Oette-Heilemann, Hamburg 1951—the punishment was meted out in rather a neat and unusual way.

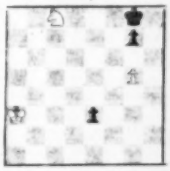
(1)	P-K4	P-Q4	(7) Q x P??	Kt x P
(2)	P x P	Kt-KB3	(8) B-Q3	R-QKt1
(3)	P-Q4	Kt x P	(9) Q x RP	R-R1
(4)	P-QB4	Kt-KB3	(10) Q-Kt7	R-R4!
(5)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(11) B-K3	B-B1
(6)	Q-Kt3?	Kt-B3	(12) Q-Kt8	Kt-Q2

White resigned, seeing (too late) that at QKt4 his errant lady will be caught by P-B4. Finally—Sokor-Volck, Prague 1937—here is some further amusing evidence of queens treated very much *en bagatelle*.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(10) B x P	Kt x QP!!
(2)	P-QB4	P-KKt3	(11) B x Q	Kt(d4)-B7 ch
(3)	Kt-QB3	P-Q4	(12) K-Q1	R x B ch
(4)	Q-Kt3	P x P	(13) Kt-Q5	B x Kt
(5)	Q x BP	B-K3	(14) Q-B7	B x Kt ch
(6)	Q-Kt5 ch	Kt-B3	(15) Q x R ch	K x Q
(7)	Kt-KB3	Kt-Q4!	(16) KP x B	K-B2
(8)	Q x P?	Kt(4)-Kt5	(17) R-QKt1	R-Q1 ch
(9)	B-B4	B-R3!	(18) K-K2	R-Q7 mate

Having, on his 7 move, resisted the temptation of snatching the P White, fell for it on the next move. What he should have played was (8) P-K4, Kt(4)-Kt5, (9) Q-R4, B-Q2, (10) Q-Q1, thereby bringing the itinerant lady back to her starting point, with a good centre to show for that seemingly aimless excursion.

A: P. Iljin 1947



This week's competition fittingly adheres to the theme of showing queens at their off moments, not to say in a state of impotence strangely unlike their usual vigour. Instead of the customary four-pointer specially included for the benefit of beginners A—White to draw—had better be rated 5 points. Even so it isn't difficult, and to bring it within the scope of the least experienced competitors they should try to see how Black must either give the Kt the chance of catching the P or suffer grave restrictions of his own K. Having grasped this they have but to bear in mind the week's theme-song to find the solution (and, incidentally, a most instructive endgame position). B—White to draw—is not much more difficult and should be amply rated with 6 points if I add that in its basic idea of cocking a snook at the Q, this piece is not dissimilar to A. As for C—White to win—if I am to rate it 7 points I mustn't give any further hint; the less so as competitors will soon see that here too the Q is treated in the most cavalier and insolent manner by her inferiors. Usual prizes. Entries by October 6.

B: V. Czechover 1948

C: V. Bron 1949

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 30

A: (1) . . . K-Kt1, (2) Kt-Q6, Kt x Kt, (3) B-B4!!, Kt(d6)-B1 (4) R-QB7, K-B1, (5) B-K3, etc.

If (2) . . . Kt(d6)-QB8, (4) R-QB7, K-B1, (5) B-Kt5, K-K1, (6) B-B4 (threat B-B2), Kt-K6!, (7) R-K7 ch, K-B1, (8) R x Kt, etc. (but not K x Kt).

If (1) . . . Kt (b6)-QB8, (4) R-Q7, Kt-KB1, (5) R-Q3!, etc.

If (1) . . . Kt(b6)-B1! (best), (4) R-QB7!, K-B1, (5) K-B5, K-K1, (6) B-Kt5, K-B1, (7) B-B6!, K-K1, (8) B-B4!, K-B1, (9) K-Kt4, Kt-Kt3 (best), (10) K-B5, Kt-B4, (11) B-Kt5, Kt-R5 ch, (12) K-Kt5, Kt-Kt7, (13) R-Q7! (threat R-Q2, etc.

If in the last variation (4) R-Q7? Black draws by (4) . . . K-B1!, (5) B x Kt ch, K-K1!!, etc.

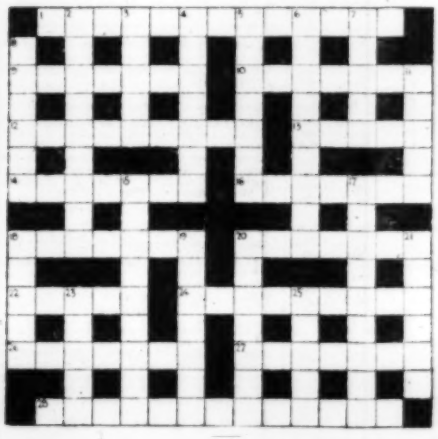
B: (1) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R1, (2) Q-R4!

C: (1) B-KB7, K x P, (2) B-QR3, B-KKt2, (3) B-Kt2 ch, K-K5, (4) B x B, B-B6 ch, (5) K-B2, B-KR4, (6) B-QKt3, K-B4, (7) B-B2 ch, K-Kt4, (8) B-B8, B x P, (9) B-K7 ch, with either mate or loss of B to follow.

The Heuäcker study proved (if proof were needed) how extremely difficult such seemingly "simple" endgame studies can be. Most competitors were stumped; others failed to see all the subtleties of C. Well deserved 1st prize to A. Schneider, 2nd to D. E. Cohen who came almost as near to perfection. In the 9th ladder decade, I am glad to report, most of the prizes go to the "steady plodders," 1st to J. B. Cock (653 points), 2nd to E. W. Carmichael who, having started even earlier, amassed 627 points. The 3rd prize goes to A. Schneider who, since he started from scratch as one of the 5th decade winners (on Dec. 22 last) has totted up 583 points; 4th prize (574) again to one of the earlier and regular competitors, R. Chandra. Next time others should see their reward of steadiness by being well in the running with other winners of the 5th and earlier decades.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword No. 11



ACROSS

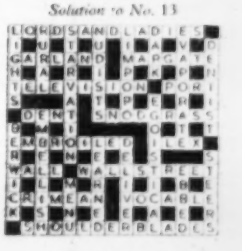
1. Reports conned for a newspaper contributor (13).
9. Adultery? Bewitch someone and that seems to be the result (7).
10. The state of being eaten away mainly with love (7).
12. Scandal-monger and no lady (9).
13. Nothing to send around all over the place (5).
14. "Ay, in the very temple of ——, Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine." (Keats) (7).
16. Unsafe footwear? (7).
18. Novel means of entering a prison (7).
20. Writer shows that part of the Commonwealth has an immediate future (7).
22. It "blows out its great red bell like a thin clear bubble of blood" (Browning) (5).
24. Parliamentary pornography? (4, 5).
26. Chinese boats with American features? (7).
27. Stopper turns into a M.P. (7).
28. They are best in prayers with a difference (13).

DOWN

2. Eccentric don (9).
3. It is always in bed, but never still (5).
4. It can produce a solution—of a biblical puzzle? (7).
5. An eye on a peacock (7).
6. Dead things (9).
7. 6 without the alternative of action (5).
8. "Never had mortal man such opportunity. Except Napoleon, or —— it more." (Byron) (6).
11. Drain to the lowest point (5).
15. A map grins when mountains disintegrate (9).
17. Advancement for those in favour? (9).
18. The wind for somebody else (5).
19. After the east there is a low tone in my residence (7).
20. Let's cut the boat to sink it (7).
21. Projecting edge of a step (6).
23. Creature to break a rule embracing a Frenchman (5).
25. Film fawn (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 13



APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

VICTORIA University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in Philosophy. The salary will be £1,000 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,200 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Duties to commence on February 1, 1953, or as soon thereafter as agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information concerning method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for the receipt of applications is October 31, 1952.

SENIOR Scientific Officers, Scientific Officers, Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or, for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1952 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Offices and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £812–£1,022, (women) £681–£917; Scientific Officers, (men) £440–£707, (women) £440–£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440–£655. (Rates for women under review). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S 53/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S 52/52–S 128/52 for the other posts.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Biological Sciences; (d) Engineering subjects; and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers, at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 30 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer, £628–£786 (men), £513–£655 (women); Assistant Experimental Officers, £274–£586 (men), £274–£490 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S91-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

HEAD Occupational Therapist (female) and Assistant Occupational Therapist (female) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council salary scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous & Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer.—Applications invited from men for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at juvenile courts. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed a maximum of £570 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointments subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than October 6, 1952. Canvassing forbidden. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

CITY of Norwich. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Children's Visitor at a salary in accordance with Grade I of the A.P.T. Division of the Scale of Salaries, i.e., £440, rising by annual increments of £15 to £485 p.a. Preference will be given to applicants with experience in the visiting of children and knowledge of the regulations relating to boarding out, adoptions, and children placed with foster parents for reward. The possession of the Home Office Boarding Out Visitor's Certificate, Diploma in Social Science or similar qualifications will be an advantage. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience and present appointment, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Town Clerk, City Hall, Norwich, not later than September 26, 1952.

H.M. Inspectors of Taxes. The Civil Service Commissioners announce a special Open Competition for about 50 posts of H.M. Inspector of Taxes in the Inland Revenue Department. Selection by interview in London. Candidates must be at least 21 and under 28 on August 1, 1952, and must have a whole-time University degree with First or Second-class Honours, in any subject. Candidates will be interviewed as soon as possible after their applications are received. Each candidate will be told the result soon after the interview. Entries may be accepted up to November 15, but an earlier closing date may have to be fixed. Inclusive starting salary approximately £461 in London (£419 in the Provinces) and rather more for candidates who have completed their National Service. Prospects of rising to £1,575 and above. Full details and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 228/52.

APPOINTMENTS in Pakistan. Applications are invited for the undermentioned posts in the residential "Public Service Schools" in the Punjab. The main purpose of the Schools is to give a sound general education and training on Public School lines, with a slightly technical bias, to Pakistani boys from the age of 11 to 16 or 18 who will later either become officers and technicians of the Royal Pakistan Air Force or will go into other Pakistan Services. The intention is to open one of the Schools on January 1 and the other on May 1, 1953. (a) A Principal, to be responsible for both Schools and to be Headmaster of the Pre-Officer-Cadet School – 250 boys. (b) A Headmaster of the Pre-Apprentice School 450 boys. (c) Deputy Headmasters. (d) House Masters. (e) A Bursar. (f) Assistant Masters (English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography, Physical Education, and Art). (g) General Medical Practitioner. (h) Matron Superior (S.R.N.). The Pakistan Government has entrusted An Service Training, of Hamble, with the establishment and the operation of these Schools; the staff of the Schools will thus be employees of this Company (a member of the Hawker Siddeley Group). Functional and administrative control will be exercised by the Governing Body, who have delegated to the Company such powers as are necessary for operating the Schools. Details of these appointments may be obtained from the Commandant, Air Service Training, Ltd., Hamble, Hampshire.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Professor of English Language and Literature. Salary £A2,665 per annum (inclusive of cost of living allowance). Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and Australia is October 31, 1952.

FAMILY Welfare Association have vacancies in the London Area for experienced case workers who must possess a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University. Commencing salary £450 to £550 p.a. There are also vacancies for assistant case workers with the above qualifications at a commencing salary of £300 p.a. Forms of application from: Organising Secretary, W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

WANTED, mother's help for family. Young baby & 4 children day school. Daily help employed for cleaning & laundry. Modern house, close to station. Hambly, Treharrack, Seer Green, Bucks. Jordans 3217.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for two positions of Lecturer in English. Salary £A878 to £A1,228 (including £A228 cost of living allowance). Superannuation is similar to F.S.S.U., policies under F.S.S.U. being transferable. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 14, 1952.

CITY of York Art Gallery.—Appointment of Art Assistant. Applications are invited for the post of Art Assistant on Grade A.P.T. II (£495×£15–£540). Applicants should have a good knowledge of the history of Art and be able to catalogue a large collection. An ability to lecture is desirable. A university degree will be considered an advantage. The appointment is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to the terms and conditions of service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications with copies of three recent testimonials should reach me not later than November 10, 1952. Canvassing will disqualify. Hans Hess, Curator, City of York Art Gallery, Exhibition Square, York.

LIVERPOOL Union of Girls and Mixed Clubs (Inc.). Applications invited for post of General Secretary (woman). Salary £525–£550, rising by annual increments to £600. Superannuation scheme. Experience in youth work essential. Academic qualifications desirable. Duties entail organising central activities of 150 clubs. Staff include specialists in training and music, development organisers, secretarial assistants. Application form and details from The General Secretary, Liverpool Union of Girls and Mixed Clubs, 19 Williamson St., Liverpool, 1.

UNION of Girls' Schools for Social Service, Staffordshire St., Peckham, S.E.15. Warden, to start work January, 1953, wanted for the Settlement. Must be communicant member of the Church of England, and have had experience of Social work. Salary £175–£300 according to experience, with board and lodging. Applications to Mrs. Charrington, Vines, Hildenboro', Kent.

HARDY Amies, Ltd., require intelligent, hard-working Cook Supervisor to take full charge of staff canteen. About 120 lunches 5 days a week. Previous canteen experience essential. Apply by letter only to the Personal Secretary, 14 Savile Row, W.1.

A FREE-LANCE copy writer wanted, occasional work, in London. Circular letters & trade journal advertising. Box 3556.

IRVING Galleries require young educated typist, good handwriting and figures. Salary £4. 17 Irving Street, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ADVERTISER, Scottish public school, age 47, speaking Danish, Swedish, German, Dutch, at present in Malaya, seeks change to temperate climate. Previous experience includes 8 years army intelligence demobilised major, 2 years journalism as foreign correspondent, 9 years timber trade from saw-mill tramtree to company director. Thorough knowledge all European countries, Canada and Malaya. First-class organiser full of initiative. Present income £1,750 but would consider slightly less to start. Continental residence preferred. Interesting proposals to Box 3287.

WOMAN graduate (Psychology Hons.), exp'd. sec. sh.typist, seeks interesting post in London in psychiatric, social or educational field, in any capacity. Box 3590.

POET, essayist, industrial journalist (one person, not three), seeks permanent or part-time editorial literary employment for versatile creative talent. Box 3597.

TOO long in the tooth to start as page boy, office sweep, public school & Oxford, would-be intellectual wants well-paid job now. Anything consid. 1st Cl. refs. Box 3616.

GRADUATE lady pianist, 21, seeks post of family help to London where can continue piano practice. End of Sept. Box 3453.

WOMAN Social Science graduate (23, married) would like absorbing part-time work. Central London. Wide interests. Not a stick-in-the-mud. Box 3413.

NICE young man seeks interesting occupation, anything considered. Please write: R. B. Crutchfield, 137 Eburs St., Victoria, London, S.W.1.

PART-time Secretary, S/T, free 2 days a week, London. Box 3563.

UNIV. man, 25, 2 years backwoods Australia, Far East, Egypt, Italy, etc., sks. job with human interest. Exp'd. public spkg. & community work. Own typewriter, good appearance and physique. BM/VINO, W.C.1.

MEDICAL Secretary, considerable hospital experience both in general capacity and as private secretary to consultant, seeks responsible post. Box 3437.

EXPD. Sec. S. T., free odd half-days, evenings, week-ends. CUN. 0015.

SINGLE woman sks. residential post of respons. Expd. sec.-organiser social worker. Univ. qualific. Economics. Box 3586.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

WOMAN Sec. sks. respons. post. 1st class organiser. Wide exp. incl. Committee and Appeal work, preparation brochures, editing, etc. Accustomed staff control. Box 3667.

MAN, 33, qual. teacher Art Craft Drama Games, wants post school prog. outlook, with accom. for avail. nearby; for wife (exp. matron), sons 4+, 2+ January. Box 3631.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Modern standard of comfort, farm produce and an understanding of good food and wine. Vacancies from Sept. 20 to Oct. 18. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

SOUTH Cornwall. Restful holidays in country house on river Fowey. Secluded, all modern comfort, 100-acre farm, T.T. Jersey herd, excellent food, river bathing, fishing, rough shooting, close to golf and beaches. 14 guests only. Inclusive terms from mid-September 6gns. Bed and breakfast 12s. 6d. Brochure. Mrs. Wheeler, Penquite, Golant, Par, Cornwall. Phone Fowey 134.

IDEAL for late autumn holidays. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with h. & c. and gas fires, delightful surroundings, cosy evenings round the fire.

SOCIALIST hotel for Socialist guests, "Continental," 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. Tel. Hastings 4571.

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel. A.A. approved, licensed. Perfect setting for Summer and Autumn holidays. Rye 2216.

WINTER holidays in the sun. Excellent food. Moderate prices. Good fishing & bathing. Mediterranean fishing village. Anglo-French proprietors. Hostellerie du Gros Pin, Le Beuse, Var.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service, 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

SUSSEX. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, for quiet week-end or long stay. Comfort and good food. Phone Horsham Rd. 32.

DEVON & Cornwall. Autumn holidays in well recommended Guest Houses. Reduced inclusive terms from 9½ week Devon, £8 Cornwall, after September 13. Brochure 18 from Bishop, Fairfield, Dawlish. Tel. 2151.

LAKES. Charm, old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Holidays Wandale, Great Gable, etc. Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Ivton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

FOR mild climate in the Autumn, St. Leonards: Hastings 3191. "Morningside Hotel," Tower Rd. West, for "The Perfect Food" in largest variety and for every comfort.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. A really comfortable place to spend the winter. Good food, lovely furniture and friendly atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot on South Coast. 3 min. sandy beach. h. & c., Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Special terms October 5gns. Mrs. Goulding, "Waveney," 52 Park Rd. Phone 2804.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Bienheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Houses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel for restful autumn holidays. English cooking at its very best. A.A. recommended. Reduced terms from September 15.

AUTUMN Holiday in Scotland. Brook Linn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Trossachs 8 m. 4½ 7gns. Tel. Callander 103.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, 56 F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

TREHARROCK Manor & Farm. Lovely in Autumn. Remarkably sheltered. Log fire. Jersey herd. Sea warm. Surf-bathing Polzeath. Salmon, trout in season. Golf Rock. For Port Quin, Port Gaverne, Lundy Bay. Excellent cuisine & all comforts guaranteed. Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Port Isaac 244.

LONDON: Beautiful Thames Valley—Richmond. Charming loc. to river, stn. 20 min. Strand. B.B. 12s. 6d. London, 124 Ailsa Rd., St. Margarets, Mdx. POP. 4790.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

PERSONAL

AU Pair. Select French families, Paris, offer 3-9 mths.' stay, pocket money, to well-educ. yng. ladies willing help with children & easy hswk. Refs. exch. Box 3588.

FRIENDLY accom. & board, mod. country hse., Yorks., for part-time help. Man, wife, twin boys. All reasonable. Box 3596.

SCHOOL sought for boy 4½ with accom. for brother 2½ and mother; exp. matron. Part exchange some duties. Box 3456.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

JAGUAR, 1939, Sunshine Saloon, 2½-litre. Good condition. £395 quick sale. Sloane. 3578. Evenings.

MORRIS 8, 1938. Sunshine roof, 33,000 miles; £245. Park 4812 after 6 p.m.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA Britannica, latest edition for sale, emigrating sacrifice. Box 3520.

BROADWOOD Grand Piano for sale, 60 years old. Recently restrung. 130*gns*. Write 6 Markham Square, S.W.3.

WANTED—a change. Qual. Almoner sks. any job other than social work. Box 3643.

SC partly furn. flat top floor country house (Epping district) in return part-time cooking. Small salary. Children welcome or elderly couple. Box 3644.

WEST Indies. Share in mountain estate, cheap, offered humanist "New Statesman" reader, refs. Box 3654.

YNG. woman sks. companion (f.) African tour. Economical, roughing it. Box 3665.

FLATLESS person, wanting settled home, offered large attractive room (furnished); appreciating reasonable standard comfort, including use of kitchen freely, also services housekeeper. Household out at work. St. John's Wood district. Box 3664.

TODDLERS urgently need premises for their Nursery School. Maida Vale/St. John's Wood area. Use large room & gdn. morns.; free schooling child and rent offered parent with suitable premises. Box 3671.

LYRICS/Sketches rqd. before Oct. 31 for new revue at Irving Theatre. Write Sec., Irving Theatre Club, 17 Irving St., W.C.2.

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YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Caringford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe, H.W. 1436.

HINDI-English-Hindi translations, adaptations, commercial correspondence, etc. R. Bhartiya, 22 Ashmount Rd., N.19. ARC 6397.

CHALFONT Lodge Private Clinic for Rheumatism and allied diseases; general medical and dietary treatment. Resident doctor and trained staff. Dtls., Sec., Chalfont Lodge Private Clinic, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

THE Oxford Centre for Psychotherapy can now offer full treatment facilities in London. For details write to: Secretary, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., W.1.

SHIRTS re-collared, 7s. post free.—B.4, OSEV, 6 Silver Cres., W.4. CHI. 0765.

PHOTOGRAPHY, for Press, Publicity, Commerce and Industry. Specialists in the use of colour. Basil Cox, GER. 3357.

I ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d*. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

HEBREW, special beginners by qualified teacher, formerly Israel. Box 2687.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INDIVIDUAL tuition by exp. graduate G.C.E. Maths. to all levels. WEL. 8022.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing. Details M.A. Educational Service, 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

LOW cost, good material, fine furniture in variety: all in Phœnix Gallery bookcases. Call and see them at 38 William IV Street, Charing Cross, or write for illustrated bookcase leaflets M3.

INDIVIDUAL tuition in Chemistry, Physics, Maths., Zoology and Biology to all levels by exp. grad. tutors. 'Phone PRI. 3174.

PERSONAL—*continued*

LATE Holidays? You are still in time to join our small parties to Cornwall, Sept. 27, or Lake Garda, Northern Italy, on Oct. 4; also Sorrento & Capri, Oct. 11. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WINTER Sports in Switzerland. Small escorted party Xmas & New Year, 15 days, 42*gns*. (Air 52*gns*.). Other departures. Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1.

SEE Spain, Autumn - Winter - Spring. Wonderful off-season 15-day holidays in Palma, Ibiza, Torremolinos, Malaga, Gibraltar, etc.; from £34 10*s*. Escorted departures Sept. 28, Oct. 5, 12, Dec. 21. Full details by return from See Spain, Ltd., Dept. N.S.78, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Phone, MUSeum 9351.

ISTANBUL Travel Letter, free details from A. & D. Righton, 25 Don St., St. Helier, Jersey, Channel Islands.

THE Dalmatian Coast for late holidays. Glorious sunshine, reduced hotel rates. For details consult Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

WINTER Sports programme ready! Ramblers' Association Services, 48*a*, Park Rd., N.W.1.

YUGOSLAVIA for Autumn Sunshine. Special seasonal reductions: 33⅓% hotel accommodation, 50% Rail and Steamer, for luxurious late holidays on Dalmatian Coast. Ask your travel agent about new cheap rates, or write to: Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, London, W.1.

DRAW and Paint what you like in 6 weeks! New, guaranteed method; personal tuition. Details M.A. Educational Service, 119 Brent St., N.W.4.

PERSIAN and Urdu speaking writer, journalist in English and Urdu, willing to give tuition. Box 3603.

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ITALIAN, Spanish, French lessons and trans. Natives. Moderate. TER. 3586.

SPANISH Guitar tuition in Segovia method by Len Williams. Classical/Flamenco/Spanish music. Solo or voice accomp. Cases. for beginners. Free booklet. Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0840.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12*s*. 6*d*. Meals optional.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

SUNNY lge. B/S. Bkfst. Meals opt. Quiet mod. hse. 25 min. W/End. GLA. 7297.

VERY large pleasant b.s.c. 2 divans. Sep. kitchenette. C.h.w., 'phone. Adj. Ham. Heath. Suit 2 prof. people. Box 3574.

LARGE bed-sitt., overlooking garden, large bookcase, free use kitchen. Quiet house near Swiss Cottage. 45*s*. p.w. Box 3529.

CENTRAL accommodation for business people. Single and double rooms. Breakfast. Furnished service flatlet. MAI. 1787.

BED-sit.rm., bkfst., low rent, offered lady, exch. sitting-in. SPE. 6655.

HENDON on bus route. Large comf. double bedroom, twin beds, use kitchen, sitt. rm., etc., light bkft. if reqd. Reas. rent. 492 Watford Way, N.W.7. Hen 2719.

HAMMERSMITH. Family has spare room to let. £2 15*s*. weekly with breakfast. Riverside 3673 or write Box 3469.

MUSWELL Hill, N.10. Large sunny bed-sit., fine view. Meter. Lady in full-time employment only. Tudor 8160.

SMALL sgl. rm. incl. lighting, htg., chg. fac. 25*s*. p.w. HAM 1581 aft. 6 p.m.

BARNES side Hammersmith Bridge: furnished 3-room flat, c.h.w., widower will share with bachelor. Full board, service. 7½*gns*. Available end September. Box 3357.

ACCOMM. in pleasant home for educated person. Some meals, cheap, private, restaurant 2 mins. Tel. MOU. 8420.

FURN. div. room newly dec., cent. htg. 55*s*. incl. light baths linen/service. Nr. Baker St. PAD. 4270 or s.a.e. Box 3629.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

SOUTHGATE. Board & accommodation offered in modern house. Young Jewish (non-Orthodox) household. 5 mins. from station. All conveniences. To live as one of family. Moderate charge. Box 3632.

IN priv. house, comf. single bed-sit. rm. Reas. rent. Tel. Willesden 1644.

PLEASANT bed-sit. rm. offd., Teddington. Cooking facils., phone, informal household. 25*s*. p.w. KIN. 8768. Box 3649.

W.C.1. Prof. woman offers similar comf. divan room, use of kit. & bathrm. £2 10*s*. incl. Mutual independence. Box 3651.

NAVAL Officer's wife (26), offers share of small flat near Albert Hall to girl of similar age. Box 3652.

ADVERTISER living with daughter in 4-bedroom house, Barnes, will let furnished to mother and daughter or two lady students (piano available) bedroom with single beds, own kitchen, large sitting room (partly or fully furnished as desired). All redecorated. Terms moderate to suitable tenant. Write full partics. BM SXKP, Monomarks, W.C.1.

RENT-free room N. Ldn. offd. in exch. care small flat 1 tenant. May suit student, (part-time) worker, etc. Box 3655.

N.W.3. Fine double-rooms vacant, furn. Central heating. C.H.W. 5*gns*. p.w. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI. 1043.

ARTISTIC furn. cottage, sleep 4. East Coast, 50 miles London. Every convenience. Winter months 2½*gns*. Box 3666.

BED-SIT. med. size, well furn. avail. in priv. residence. Pref. someone wanting dly. domestic service and all household necessities at 2*ngs*. incl. N.W.8. Box 3663.

LARGE comf. double divan room. Suit Jewish student, part board, use kitch. 'Phone MOU 0314 after 7 p.m.

EXCELLENT full board for one person. All conv., attendance. WOR 7097.

TO let, 3 or 4 rooms, partly furnished, garden and garage. N.20. Gardner preferred. Box 3617.

EAST Finchley. Well furn. flatlet, bed-sit., kit. adjoining, h.c., cooker, ascot. Near Tube, buses. TUDor 1004.

OXFORD graduate & wife offer 2 sgle. rms. (1 lge.), chg. facs., Hampstead, 45*s*. 6*d*. & 2½*gns*. AMB. 0632 after 6 p.m.

GENTLEMAN offers to another comf. bed-sit. room in pleasant Lond. suburb, exch. some secretarial service. Box 3571.

TO Let Furnished: Attractive cottage 2½ miles from Bala. All amenities. Low rent for Winter let. Box 3567.

TO let furnished. Small, easily run house near Sherborne, Dorset—for winter months while owner abroad. Capable married couple can remain. Rent 6*gns*. weekly including gardener's wages. Box 3473.

N. DEVON. Furn. cottage to let throughout winter. Mod. rent. Box 3484.

GIRL student reqs. bed sit. room with chg. facils. in Central London. Could offer similar in Oxford in exch. Box 3435.

IS there a rare London landlord who will let 3 rooms, kit., bath to professional couple at reasonable rent without premium disgusted furniture? Box 3626.

ARTIST (working type), wife, baby, and cat, require London flat, unfurn. preferably. Box 3393.

WANTED, unfurn. s.-c. flat, min. 4 rooms, kit. & bath. Convenient West End. Substantial rent in advance. Refs. Box 3465.

YOUNG professional woman needs small s.-c. unfurnished flat. Rent under £3. C., W., N.W., S.W. Box 3568.

WANTED, small, furnished, s.c. flat or share, by young prof. woman, within easy reach West End. Box 3490.

AFRICAN doctor and wife arriving end September for postgraduate work require 2-roomed s/c. furn. flat London, N.W., for 9 months. Box 3518.

URGENT. Young couple, business all day, require furn./unfurn. flat/rooms October. North London preferred. Box 3515.

FURN. accomm. 2 bed., 1 lounge, kitchen, bath, facilities for piano, vicinity London, wanted by couple with 2 dogs, or would share house. Refs exchanged. Box 3524.

M./aged, prof. couple seek quiet s/c furn. flat or apts. in or near London, north of Thames. Meals not required but good facilities and tel. essential. Box 3522.

STUDENT (f.) requires bed, board and pocket money in exchange for light housework, etc. Box 3579.

BACHELOR reqs. flat, 2 rms./kit./bathrm., etc. Harrow/Stanmore distr. Box 3584.

PRESENTABLE male journalist (25) seeks share flat from mid-October. Knightsbridge, Chelsea, Kensington only. Film or theatre folk preferred. Box 3554.

PLEASANT 18-year-old student (doctor's daughter) requires reasonably priced furn. or unfurn. room with facilities. Return several nights' baby sitting. Apply Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex.

YOUNG prof. woman wants unfurn. furn. accomm. nr Central London, reas. rent, baby sitting if required. Box 3655.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

BUSINESS man seeks board and lodging with private family. Highgate region preferred. Box 3591.

PROF. man (bachelor) requires unfurn. or furn. flat. North West London preid. Bank refs. Box 3650.

CAMB. grad. & wife bath. need unfurn. flat, 2 r.k.b. or bigger; grateful any help. Hodgkinson, 14 Woodchurch Rd., N.W.6.

YNG. prof. wom. req furn. accom. N.W./W. Wd. share flat. Reas. Box 3561.

YOUNG painter seeks unfurnished studio/flat-rooms. London area. One year's advance rent. Box 3548.

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LARGE studio 34 ft. × 16 ft., smaller studio, living room, kitchen, bathroom, small bedroom, for sale near Brook Green, Hammersmith. £2,500 including stores. Ascot heaters, etc. 30 years' lease. Ground rent £3 per annum. Box 3546.

ENTERTAINMENTS

IRVING, Wh. 8557. 7.30 (ex. Mon.). Sat. 6. "Grand Guignol." "Three horror pieces & good acting." Dy. Herald. Mems. 5s.

IRVING, Wh. 8557. Tues. (ex. Mon.). 10.40. Sun. 9. "Just Lately," an intimate late-night Revue. Mems. 5s. nearly.

ARTS, Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Don Juan in Hell." "Alec Clunes superb."—Dly. Mirror. Mems. 5s. nearly.

UNITY, Eus. 5391. Last 2 wks. "Mild & Bitter." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 21. Barker's "Antoine et Antoinette." (A. from Sept. 22: "La Vie Commence Demain" (X). "De Remoir a Plassy" (U).

SOVIET Films: "Springtime in Saksa." "Moscow Zoo." "Yellow Stork." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, 7 p.m., Sat., Sept. 27. Tkts. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. "Cavalier of the Gold Star." "Moscow Constructions." South Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1. 7.30. Mon., Sept. 29. Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s. 4s., 5s. 6d. Educ. Cttee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1 (C.I.E. 4161). 10 per cent. disc. on bookings of 10 plus.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Ads. 3341. Sun., Sept. 21. 7.30. "Four in a Jeep" (A) (Swiss).

"CITIZEN KANE": Hammersmith Film Society's Fourth Season opens with this important revival. 7.30, Sept. 25. The eleven programmes include Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Scarface, Council of the Gods, Mother, Intruder in the Dust, Pava, Nanook, Kind Hearts and Coronets, etc., also short films, lectures, discussions. Ann. subs. 15s., guest tickets 2s. 6d. (advance only). Parties. Sec., Hammersmith Town Hall, W.6.

CELLO and Piano Recital by Arnold Ashby and Ruth Dyson. Wigmore Hall, Thursday next, 7.30. Vivaldi, Bach, Beethoven, Barber, Muczynski. (1st performance 9th), etc. 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d. Chappell's, agents. Nicholas Chavenius Concert Direction.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sept. 25 at 7.30. First public performance. Vivaldi's Opus IX (La Cetra): Louis Kaufman, Goldsbrough Orchestra. 10s. to 2s. 6d. WAT 3131.

BANDIE'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160A Westbourne Grove, W.2.

NEXT Saturday, Sept. 27: Michaelmas Dance at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square. Floor show, refreshments, mems.' bar, etc. 8-11.30. Tickets in advance 3s. (dble. 5s.), at door 3s. 6d. (dble. 6s.). Book now.

CHILDREN'S Michaelmas Fair: Puppets, Side-shows, Teas. Sept. 20, 2.30 p.m., 5 Keats Grove, N.W.3. Hampstead B.S.P.S.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show daily at 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Just published: Renoir "Jeunes Filles Assises." £3 plus tax £1 8s. 6d.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art Paintings. Craft. R.I. Galls., 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5 till Sept. 29. 1s. Child 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté—"Choix des plus Belles Fleurs"—140 original colour engravings. New Gallery. Selection of Modern French Masters. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

POTTERY and Textiles by Artist Craftsmen in Great Britain, 1950-52. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till Oct. 8. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat., 10-6., Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Sculpture by Alexander Jaray. Until October 3.

KOKOSCHKA. Exhibition Drawings and Graphic Art. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Daily 10-6. Sundays 2-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Earl Haig: continuation of the Summer Exhibition. Hours 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Exhibition closes September 27.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Vilmo Gibello. Paintings by Nano Reid. Until October 4.

BRIGHTON, Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays

OLD Tithe Barn, Ashford-in-the-Water, Nr. Bakewell, Derbyshire. Mrs. Wertheim's Collection. Modern paintings, sculpture and 17th Cent. paintings. Dly. inc. Suns. Free.

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CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party at Tate Gallery Sept. 24. Preview to Arts Council Epstein Exhibition; also Degas from Edinburgh, on view. Members apply for tickets 12s. 6d. inc. refreshments. Bar. Evening dress optional.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Sandra Blow, Alan Davie, Robert Taylor. Opening Sept. 23.

OLD Masters under £5 and on show at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

PAINTINGS by Durga Lall, only short time to view before going to Paris Exhibition at International Students Hostel, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. Metro. Latimer Rd. Open daily 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Adm. free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Pottery by Bernard Leach, Shoji Hamada.

CRAFTWORK from East Anglia, including hand-made baskets, rugs, pottery, weaving, lace, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

COLIN Legum on "The Challenge of Central Africa Federation." Tues., Sept. 23, 7 p.m., at Classic Restaurant, 101 Baker St.; St. Marylebone Fabian Soc. dinner meeting, charge 5s., Guests welcome; CUN. 1034.

PROTEST Meeting against Malan. Ring Hampstead 3511 evenings only.

PERSONALIST Group: Buberian Dialogue between L. S. Bush and J. B. Coates on "Should Personalists be Socialists?" Thurs., Sept. 25 at Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

EDUCATION Delegation just back from USSR will answer questions on Soviet Education at Friends House, Euston Road. Fri., Sept. 26, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq. W.8. (WEStern 1571.

5 YEAR Plan will be discussed by Maurice Dobb in lecture on "Production Trends in the USSR" at SCR, 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Tues., Sept. 23, 7 p.m. Tckts. 1s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 70 Post St., S.W.1. Tues., Sept. 23, 7.45 p.m. Mrs. Beatrice King will speak on "Two Years of Progress in Czechoslovakia." Chairman: Mr. Desmond Bucky. All welcome. Adm. free.

"SEXUAL Perversion and the Law" Dr. C. Clifford Allen, Wednesday, September 24, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Admission free.

GENERAL Anthroposophical Soc. Public lecture by H. Poppelbaum, Ph.D. ("Goetheanum, Dornach) on "The Future of Mankind and the Need for Supersensible Knowledge." Caxton Hall, Fri., Sept. 26, 7 p.m.

WITH the Trade Union Delegation through Poland. Stewart Farrar (Society Hon. Sec.), Ann Herbert (Delegations Organiser) and Wm. McLoughlin (E.N.V. Shop Stwds. Cttee.) will talk on their experiences, illustrated by epidiascope, Friday, Sept. 19, 7.45 p.m. All welcome. Refreshments. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place W.1.

LUNCH Hour Talks, Caxton Hall, Tuesdays at 1.10. Sept. 23: Readings from Eastern Mystics. Sept. 30: Yoga—A Sane Way of Life. October 7: Yoga in Practice.

MORECAMBE. Sunday, Sept. 28. Public Meeting Alhambra Theatre, 7.30, William Gallacher, R. Campbell, Leo McGrree, Lanc. & Cheshire Dist. Communist Pty.

SCHOPENHAUER Society: Caxton Hall, Thurs., Sept. 25, 7.45 p.m.: "Our Knowledge of Nature." The first of 3 lectures to be given by Lt. Col. Payne. All welcome.

BIRMINGHAM International Centre. Tenth Anniversary Week. Prof. J. R. Squire, Sept. 28, Glen Byam Shaw, Sept. 29, Julius Silverman leads discussion on Foreign Policy, Oct. 1. Esther Salaman, "Folk Songs of many Nations" Oct. 2. Apply Warden, 83 Suffolk St., Birmingham, 1. MID 7054.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (1) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 5.30 p.m. (2) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Sept. 25, 7.30 p.m. "The Soul of Man." All welcome.

ALL Nations Social Club. The Challenge of Asia.—"Burma Speaks to the People of all Nations," by Colonel Ba Shin (Military Attaché Burmese Embassy), by courtesy of His Excellency the Burmese Ambassador. Thursday, September 25, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2. 5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome, Sept. 21: "Theosophy's Teaching on Mind Control."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sept. 21, Joseph McCabe, "Juvenile Delinquency." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Sept. 19, David Shillan, "Aspects of Art."

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Debate on "Can this Government Save Britain?" Mr. Stephen Swingler, M.P., Labour, Newcastle-under-Lyme, and Mr. Ian Harvey, M.P., Conservative, Harrow East. Thursday, September 25, 7.30 p.m., at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 1s. 6d. Hon. Sec. WEL. 0136.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Sept. 24, 6.30 p.m. Public Lec.: "Why Buddhism?" Mr. R. Percheron.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LORD Boyd-Orr, Peter Usticov, Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, M.P., Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P., Henry Usborne, M.P., Congressman Powell (U.S.A.), and Chairman Mr. Gilbert McAllister. Kingsway Hall, Sept. 28, 6.45 p.m., on "Let's Create a World Government." Adm. free (reard seats 2s. 6d.; reserved area 1s. This Parliamentary Group for World Govt., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

LONDON Jewish Graduates Assoc., Mon., Sept. 22. Mr. F. C. Palmer, M.A., on "Telepathy and the Unconscious Mind." Arts Theatre Club, 5 & 6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Vis. 2s.

POETS' Corner. Winter Meetings 1952-3 at the "Princes Head" close to the Central Hall, S.W.1, every Sunday from 7-9.45 p.m. from Oct. 5 to March. At the "Marlborough Head," 8, Audley Sq., W. Prospect fixtures Weds., Oct. 8, 15, 22, 7-10 p.m. No charge. Collection. Volunteer reciters.

OCTOBER 1. Third anniversary of People's Republic of China. Speakers: Stephen Swingler, M.P., and Britons just back from China. New stage presentation: "Speak Bitterness." Unity Theatre, London Youth Club, St. Pancras Town Hall, 7.30. Tickets 1s., 2s. and 3s. 6d. from: British-China Friendship Association, 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., London, W.2. Tel. AMB. 1441 2. (s.a.e. please).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. September 27 at 6 p.m. Mr. A. Gordon Ellis: "The Greek Shadow Theatre —Karragoz."

THE Friday Club meets weekly at 45 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, at 7.45 p.m., from Friday, October 3 when the Club President, Charles Kennedy Scott, will speak on "The B Minor Mass," with illustrations. Debates, talks, social evenings, 7s. 6d. per half session. Apply Sec., Miss Kew, 59 Westbourne Gdns., W.2, or at any meeting.

STOP Malan! South Africa Protest Meeting. William Gallacher, John Mahon, John Horner. Holborn Hall, Mon., Sept. 22, 7.30. Adm. 6d. at door. Org. by London Dist. Communist Pty., 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance: Dr. Clifford Allen on "Sexual Perversion and the Law." Wed., Sept. 24, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

SHAW Society: Peter Coke and Ellen Pollock in readings from "The Apple Cart," at Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, Sept. 19, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. Autumn prog.: 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"TRAINING for the Personal Life." Course of Tutorial lectures at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Fortnightly from Fri., Sept. 26, at 7 p.m. Third Lecture: "Living under Tension" by Peter Fletcher. Course tickets 12s. 6d., single lectures 3s. Apply Hon. Sec., London Panel of Personal Consultants, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

"VIEWS on Jewish Topics." Lecture course organised by Zionist Federation. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square W.C.1., Mondays, 8 p.m. Oct. 27 "From Basle to Jerusalem Crisis of Implementation." Prof. S. Brodetsky and Dr. S. Levenberg. Nov. 24 "Judaism in the Modern World." Rabbi Dr. A. Altmann. Dec. 15 "Israel and the Arab States." Ion Kimche. Jan. 26 "The Place of Zionism in Jewish Education." Symposium with Dr. I. Fisherman, I. Gertner, Rev. I. Levy and Rabbi Dr. S. Schonfeld. Feb. 23 "The Jewish Problem." The Communist View by Prof. Hyman Levy. The Zionist View by Dr. Dov Biegun. Mar. 23 "Israel and British Commonwealth Strategy." R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. Single Tickets 2s. 6d. and 4s. Series Tickets 17s. and 18s. Apply: 77 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 3815.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8511. Foreign Language Courses by day and evening classes, or private lessons, beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 22. Evening lectures and classes for men and women in Politics, Economics, Current Affairs, English Language and Literature, Philosophy and Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, Languages, Physical Training, Fencing and Dancing. Fees from 12s. 6d. a year. Details from Sec. Wat. 8872.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

MR. Charles Neil, Principal of the Robert Cripps Centre, will run 1952 special courses in Psycho-somatic Re-education beginning early October. (1) for qualified medical practitioners interested in the latest developments in postural re-education and relaxation. (2) for ordinary men and women who realise that too can benefit by learning to use their bodies more effectively. Details from Secy., I.C.C., 14 Lansdowne Rd., W.11. PARK 7222.

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TOUCH-typing and or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

SPANISH Evening classes. All grades, to end Oct. 6. Details, Hispanic Council, 2, Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. (SLOane 7186).

PORTUGUESE Evening classes. All grades. October 9. Apply, Language Committee, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1 (SLOane 7186).

NATURE Cure. "Indian Summer" School: Oct. 5-11. Lectures, Discussions, Demonstrations and Social evenings. Parties from the Sec., Burnham House, Beds.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE London Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Particulars, MUS. 8423.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Open 6 days a week, including week-ends. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOL. 5088.

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